

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 692.—VOL. XXVII.

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Parcels called for and delivered Daily by our own Vans. Daily despatches of Goods to and from Works. Appliances and Machinery of the most improved kinds for Cleaning, Dyeing, and Finishing Soiled and Faded CURTAINS, DRESSES, POLONAISES, &c. *Nettoyage à Sec*—the Parisian process of Dry Cleaning—has been extensively used for many years.

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J. PULLAR & SONS, DYERS TO THE QUEEN, PERTH.

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The Daintiest Delicacy, the freshest, most crisp, and most popular known, are WILSON'S AMERICAN "EXTRA TOAST" BISCUITS. They are so pronounced by many thousands of English Ladies and Gentlemen who use them.

CAUTION.

The Public are being imposed upon by spurious "EXTRA TOAST" BISCUITS, substituted by unprincipled dealers. Hereafter the genuine will have the words WILSON'S "EXTRA TOAST" stamped on each Biscuit. Take no others.—DAVID CHALLEN, Sole Consignee, Mildmay Road, London, N.—A. LAIRD, Sub-Agent, Glasgow. Retail everywhere.

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SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

GUARANTEED. PURE COCOA ONLY.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS'

The Best Material for Hand-painting of Flowers, Landscapes, &c. Displays the delicate gradations of Colouring to perfection.

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Also highly appropriate for refined Menu Cards. Issued in Eight sizes.

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OF ALL STATIONERS AND ART STORES.

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ROYAL POPLIN FACTORY, 30, College Green, Dublin. All New Shades.
N.B.—THEIR COLOURED STOCK INCLUDES ALL NEW SHADES. PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID.

23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON.

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.

"Is decidedly superior."—The Lancet.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

PATTERNS FREE.

SPRING NOVELTIES IN NEW DRESS FABRICS.

NEW FRENCH SATEENS AND WASHING FABRICS FOR THE SEASON 1883.

THE NEW GRANITE TWEED is a very uncommon looking material. There are plenty of good, useful tints represented in the patterns. The new shade, "Coquerico," is among them, that is now so popular in Paris. This is a most serviceable cloth, and very moderate in price. 25 inches wide, 1s. 9d. per yard.

DELAINE A CARREUX.—The perfection of a soft woollen fabric, in beige shades only. It is sufficiently marked in design to be novel; but is neat and lady-like enough to meet the most quiet and refined taste. Beautifully fine in quality, with a fibrous surface, is 25 inches wide, and 1s. 11½d. per yard.

MIDLOTHIAN MARVELS.—The variety and novelty of the preparations for Spring and Summer wear are this season unusually large. For bold combinations in colours, and unconventional arrangements in all descriptions of Checks, the Scotch manufacturers will take precedence. Fashion has decreed in favour of this description of goods, and the choice is quite bewildering. 25 inches wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

DOUBLE NUN'S VEILING.—These Veilings are too well known to require a description. The fabric is composed of pure wool, plainly woven, and produced in beige colours, or in slightly tinted heather mixtures—either are most useful. These cloths are double warps and extra durable. 23 inches wide, 1s. per yard.

These goods are in such great variety, it would be an impossibility to enter into any detail or description that would at the same time do justice to the beauty of the various patterns. I will enumerate one or two that have specially caught my fancy:—

- 1 is a Terra Cotta Ground, with moss roses in pale peacock blues and sage green foliage. The pattern is illustrated in many colourings, but this would be my favourite.
- 2 is a design in shades of brown and gold tints, with butterflies and small beetles; this also can be had in many colourings.
- 3 is a charming little pattern of diminutive fairies and gnats, which sounds much more eccentric than it looks.
- 4 is a very clever design, something of a shawl or cashmere pattern, and has a great number of colours introduced, but so well arranged that they form a most handsome *toute ensemble*.

PLAIN SATTEENS, 7½d., 9½d., 1s., 1s. 2½d.
FRENCH POMPADOURS, 8½d., 10½d., 1s. 2½d., 1s. 3½d.

Space will not admit of entering into further detail. I must, however, draw attention to the Gingham, or Zephyrs. These most useful fabrics are exceedingly pretty this season. One specially calls for notice a broken check in crushed strawberry colour and white, which, to my mind, is most stylish and pretty, and with this slight allusion to the countless pretty and inexpensive dresses that are crowded before me, I must dismiss my subject.

ZEPHYRS AND SCOTCH GINGHAMS, 6½d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s.

SILKS.

CHECKED SURAHs.—These Charming Checked Surahs are among the prettiest things I have seen prepared for Spring wear. The colours are many, and most effective—too many to attempt to describe. In the smaller sized patterns there will be found some very pretty Silks, most suitable for young ladies' wear. 1s. 11½d. to 2s. 11½d. per yard. 22 inches wide.

SILKS.—Good Soft Grosgraine, 12 yards, 35s.

SILKS.—Rich Corded, 12 yards, 47s.

A Good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, £1 10s.

A Rich Black Lyons Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for £2.

CHAPMAN'S, Notting Hill, W.



THE CHARGE OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1882

"Thus, in that interval of time, the Highland Brigade had broken, under a tremendous fire, into the middle of the enemy's entrenchments; had maintained itself there in an arduous and dubious conflict for twenty minutes; had then captured two miles of works and batteries, piercing the enemy's centre and loosening their whole system of defence; and had finished by taking the camp and the railway trains, and again assembling ready for any further enterprise. No doubt these troops were somewhat elated—perhaps even fancied that they had done something worthy of particular note and remembrance. And, in fact, the Scottish people may be satisfied with the bearing of those who represented them in the land of the Pharaohs."—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EDWARD HAMLEY, K.C.B., in *The Nineteenth Century* for December, 1882.

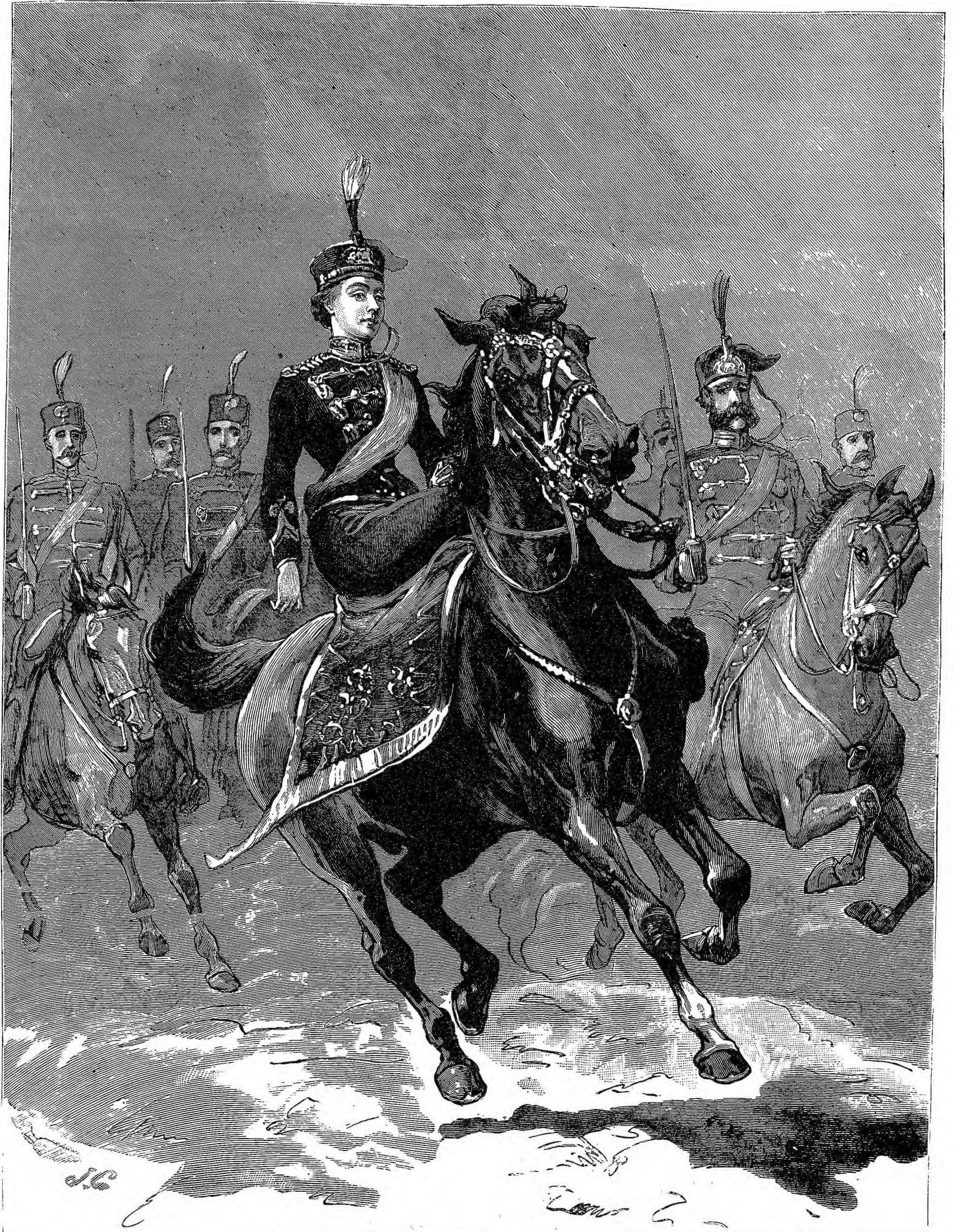
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 692.—VOL. XXVII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY—THE IMPERIAL PRINCESS AT THE HEAD OF HER OWN (THE SECOND) REGIMENT OF HUSSARS (LEIBHUSAREN)

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME AGAIN.—Some of Mr. Gladstone's opponents, with questionable taste, have rebuked him for his prolonged residence at Cannes. There was really no very urgent reason why he should have come back at an earlier date. It has been said that he wished to be out of the way when the Affirmation Bill was being discussed; but he could not have imagined that a measure which excites so much hostility would be disposed of before his return. As for the debate on the Address, his presence would certainly not have tended to make that less tedious and more moderate. When he went away, he was probably in worse health than the public realised; but it may be hoped that these weeks of repose have given him a new lease of life and energy. Although his holiday has not been very long, his political prospects are perhaps not quite so good as when it began. The Egyptian campaign now belongs to that "ancient history" of which we have heard so much lately. A great many persons are asking themselves whether the "glory" derived from it accords very well with the principles by the profession of which Mr. Gladstone rose to power; and others, who are not troubled by this doubt, have become a little anxious about the use which is to be made of our triumphs. Then, as to Ireland, although most people would like to see the Kilmainham Treaty dropped in Parliament (since we know already, probably, everything that can be known about it), there can be no doubt that Carey's revelations have convinced the majority of the nation that the Government was wrong in even appearing to negotiate with Mr. Parnell, and that its efforts to suppress Irish crime ought to have begun long ago. A session of fruitful labour might do something to efface the bad impression which has been produced by recent events; but it is by no means certain that Mr. Gladstone will be able to facilitate the transaction of business. While he stirs the enthusiasm of his friends, there is no other living statesman who approaches him in the talent for irritating opponents.

MR. PARNELL'S POSITION.—Only very innocent-minded persons could have expected that, in reply to Mr. Forster's invective, Mr. Parnell would stand arrayed in the white sheet of repentance, and that he would virtually say, "I deeply regret that I have allowed myself to be mixed up with assassins. I will never so offend again." Yet short of this, nothing would have satisfied the House except a complete answer to the charges urged by the late Chief Secretary. Mr. Parnell, therefore, who is a cool-headed, calculating man, had three courses open to him: silence, defence, and defiance. Silence would on all sides have done him harm; of genuine defence he was apparently incapable; and, therefore, he resorted to defiance. Not only were his so-called explanations couched in phrases of bitterness and contempt; but they were followed up by an exhaustive indictment of what may be termed the coercive side of the Government policy towards Ireland. Some of our contemporaries have characterised the bringing forward of this amendment as a daring piece of insolence and presumption. This may be the case from the English point of view. Those of us who believe that Mr. Parnell's utterances have provoked most of the outrages of the last three years, and that he has been actually affiliated with conspirators, no doubt regard it as a piece of consummate impudence for the chief incendiary to blame the authorities for bringing out the fire-engines. But what of Mr. Parnell's behaviour from an Irish point of view? Not long since he was undoubtedly the most powerful man in Ireland. Has he been deposed from that supremacy? Some fancy he has, because only fourteen joints of his usually submissive tail followed him the other night into the lobby. But we must not infer too much from this. There is a good deal of cunning and finesse about an Irishman. Some of the Parnellites may not have thought it a bad thing to win a little temporary popularity from the hated "Anglo-Saxon" by giving their leader the cold shoulder at a time when his reputation stank in the nostrils of the House. But we must beware of imagining that Mr. Parnell's recent conduct has injured him in the eyes of the revolutionary party, whether in Ireland or America. They know him to be the man who, by coaxings or threats (and he used both methods in his recent speech), will get more of what they want for Ireland than any one else; and, so long as they believe this, his popularity will not diminish. By the way, a short and easy method of settling the Irish difficulty has just been suggested. "Senator Robinson," we read, "has requested President Arthur to negotiate for the purchase and annexation of Ireland." We at once eagerly ask, "How much?" and feel what a delightful fellow Robinson will be if he gets his wish. Under the Stars and Stripes there need be no fear that Ulster would be bullied by the other provinces. But how about the military question? Would not Dublin, and Cork, and Belfast be three pistols pointed at Britannia's head? Lord Wolseley must give his opinion on this point.

GRIST TO THE MILL.—As our readers are probably aware, the solitudes of Borrowdale and the beautiful shores of Derwentwater are threatened with a railway. This enterprise is an extreme example of the commercial recklessness about destroying natural beauty if some rich men's shares can be

made to pay rather better by the process. The railway cannot be defended on the usual philanthropic principle—that it will enable people too poor to drive, and too weak to walk, to see landscapes at present remote from them. As we understand the matter, the new railway is intended simply and solely to cheapen the conveyance of slates from a certain quarry to Keswick. For this admirable result the green shores of Derwentwater, the most beautiful, accessible, and unspoiled of all our English lakes, are to be hacked up, defaced, and defiled. Now, a railway does very little harm, if it does any harm at all, to most landscapes. The white steam curling up from among the trees is not at all a hideous sight, and the line that runs, for example, through "Rob Roy's country" does not at all affect the landscape, or destroy its pastoral quiet. But a railway by the margin of a lake (as all the world can see at Loch Awe) absolutely ruins the beauty of the shores. A bare stretch of rubble exists, where ferns and reeds and hazels have been destroyed. What Loch Awe is, Derwentwater is to be made. And why? Hear the Chairman of the Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith Railway, as his recent speech is reported:—"The only question to be considered is, will it bring grist to the mill?" That is the only question. The inheritance of beauty which belongs to England and her people is not even to be thought of. The only question is, Will the ruin of Derwentwater bring grist to the mill of the Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith Railway. People who cannot take this view, and wish to aid in protesting against it, will learn how to help by communicating with the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Wray Vicarage, Ambleside.

WASTE OF TIME IN PARLIAMENT.—The present Session was to be a Session of hard work, and ample compensation was to be made for the neglect of English business since Mr. Gladstone's accession to office. So the country was assured before Parliament reassembled. It is to be hoped that the result will justify these sanguine anticipations, but at present the outlook is not promising. The debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne has been one of the most tiresome and unprofitable discussions that have taken place in the House of Commons for a long time. The passage of arms between Mr. Forster and Mr. Parnell was, indeed, useful as well as exciting; but the vast majority of the speeches have only tended to minister to petty vanity, and to prevent the House from undertaking the real work of the nation. For the full explanation of the extraordinary bitterness with which Conservatives attack the Government we must go back to the events which preceded the last General Election. At that time the Radicals imported into political discussion a violence of tone which had probably not been paralleled for several generations. All sorts of reckless accusations were hurled against the Tory Cabinet, and it might have been thought, by any one who did not know the circumstances, that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues were a gang of brigands or highwaymen. Radical orators were often warned that they were evoking a spirit which they would find it difficult to allay; and now they know that the warnings addressed to them were true. The responsible leaders of the Opposition would willingly, if they could, maintain the best traditions of party warfare, but they cannot control the more ardent section of their followers, whose ambition seems to be to pay back with interest the denunciations of which they themselves used to complain so loudly. This may be natural enough; but it is surely time for eagerly militant Conservatives to reflect whether they may not be doing permanent injury to Parliament. The public is beginning to pay very little attention to Parliamentary debates, and its interest in them is not likely to be revived until there is evidence that the national representatives care more for the welfare of the community than for the gratification of personal spite.

CONTINENTAL ANARCHISTS.—Nations are unfortunately much more ready to learn the evil than the good habits of their neighbours. The South of Spain, for example, has apparently taken a leaf out of the blood-red book of Irish outrage, and a reign of terror like that which prevailed in Munster and Connaught has been established in Andalusia. The agents of the International are accused of stirring up these mischiefs, and there can be little doubt that, where misery and discontent prevail, they are attracted as vultures are to carrion. Then the accidental explosion near Brussels shows that the conspirators who lately at Lyons tried to regenerate society by dynamite are still to the fore. No European country is free from this terrible canker, and it even exists in the United States, where, in spite of Republicanism, wealth and poverty are often as sharply contrasted as in the Old World. Hitherto we have been exempt, for though the Irish difficulty plagues us, and though the worst of the Irish malcontents are prepared in the prosecution of their aims to commit any villainy, their aims at present are not universal topsy-turvydom, but political independence. What are the causes of, and is there any remedy for, these Nihilistic aspirations, which threaten to tear to shreds our boasted civilisation? The aggregation of masses of men in great cities; the monotonous and often unwholesome nature of their toil; the spectacle of a few men, and those not always the most worthy, heaping together vast riches; the isolation of classes caused by city life; the poverty (by far the worst to bear) which is self-inflicted by thriftlessness or debauchery; lastly, the growing disbelief in a God and in a future state: all these causes have combined to nurture this monster, which is still

small and feeble, but which may grow to be a giant. And is there no remedy? We venture to think there is a very efficient remedy. If every one of us, whether we believe in a Divine revelation or not, were to try and follow the rules of conduct laid down in the New Testament, namely, self-restraint combined with consideration for others, Nihilism would speedily die of inanition.

MORE IRISH IDEAS.—Distressing as the state of Ireland is to the philanthropist and the practical politician, it is not without interest for the student of the topsy-turvy. Day by day the expression of new Irish ideas in speech or action enables us to view human nature and the moral law upside down. There is a way of looking at a landscape much recommended by local guides. It is to place the face between the legs, and look backwards. 'Tis thus that Irish politicians contemplate the world. About a cruel, cold-blooded massacre of women and children by midnight villains little is said. But the hanging of the murderers on the ample evidence of their neighbours is "a massacre." Again, our country is said to be pursuing "a murder policy" when we arrest persons some of whom, by their own confession, are guilty of murder. Not deterred by our murderous policy, the Irish cheerfully send round the hat for our contributions to the support of a population which is probably anxious to leave its starving bogs and rocks. Last idea of all, a newspaper correspondent enters Carey's cell as "a cement agent," leaves papers with questions, to which Carey fills up the answers, and receives those with due punctuality, according to his own account. Did any "cement agents" visit Messrs. Parnell and Dillon during their incarceration in Kilmainham dungeons? The disguise of a "cement agent" is original enough to be truly Irish.

POPE AND EMPEROR.—The correspondence which has passed lately between the German Emperor and the Pope may be held to prove that these high potentates sincerely desire to put an end to the conflict between the ecclesiastical and the secular authorities in Prussia. And probably their wish would have been gratified long ago if the Pope had been lucky enough to have prudent counsellors, and if the Catholic leaders in Prussia had been rather less violent. Unfortunately, nothing that is known about the negotiations affords any reason to hope that the question will soon be settled. The Pope requires that complete freedom of action shall be restored to the clergy in the discharge of their duty, and that the State shall withdraw its claim to interfere in any way with their education. These are not slight demands, for they relate to the most vital provisions of the May Laws; yet all that His Holiness offers in return is a declaration that the Church will be prepared to notify to the State appointments to clerical offices now vacant. Even this concession is made in a grudging spirit; the Pope being of opinion that it will be necessary for Prussia by-and-by to abrogate the May Laws altogether. Moreover, the Clericals announce their intention, in the event of the Kulturkampf being closed, to agitate for the supremacy of priestly influence in the national schools. We may be sure that on such terms as these peace will not be concluded between Church and State. Even if Prince Bismarck wished to give way, he could not venture to do so in opposition to the wish of all Prussian Liberals and of nearly all Prussian Conservatives. He is as little disposed as anybody else, however, to let the Papacy triumph. A compromise he believes to be expedient; but to accept the conditions now suggested would be to admit that for many years he has been committing a series of gigantic blunders.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS AT SEA.—In the case of *Pombart v. The Orient Steam Navigation Company*, the jury, after some hesitation, returned a verdict for the defendants, and, therefore, it must be presumed that the allegations of the plaintiff were not sustained. Mr. Pombart, who came home from Australia on board the *Chimborazo*, asserted that the tinned meats supplied (in the absence of fresh meat, the refrigerating apparatus having broken down) were uneatable and absolutely putrid. The Company, while not denying the failure of the refrigerator, adduced evidence in contradiction of Mr. Pombart's evidence, and the jury accepted their statements, although an appeal is threatened. We desire here to say a few words, not concerning this case, but concerning the subject generally. Those of our readers who have made long voyages are well aware that there are usually some passengers on board who grumble incessantly, and who make unreasonable complaints; but they are also aware that, although the passengers may have very real and substantial grievances either as regards treatment or dietary against the master and owners of the vessel, such grievances are apt to vanish with the joyful sound of "Land ho!" from the mast-head. The great bulk of the poorer sort of passengers (and it is of them we are here chiefly speaking) are outward-bound, they are landed in a strange country, and they have neither the money nor the leisure to try and get redress for annoyances which were very grievous while they lasted, but which necessarily end when land is reached. We must not therefore suppose, because such passengers rarely appear as plaintiffs in a law court, that everything on board long-voyage passenger-ships is as it should be. And, while on the subject of ships, why does not some influential M.P. take up the mantle of Plimsoll, and denounce the employment of Lascar sailors in cold latitudes? They are capital

fellows in the tropics, but they ought not to be employed in vessels going beyond lat. 30 deg. north or south. We have seen them blue, shivering, and helpless, even in Australian winter weather. The *Plassey*, which was stranded the other day at Sandgate, had a crew of fifty hands, forty-three of whom were Lascars. Comment, as the saying goes, is superfluous.

MR. JOHN MORLEY IN PARLIAMENT.—Mr. John Morley took his seat for Newcastle amid loud Ministerial cheers. He thoroughly deserved this cordial reception, and it may be hoped that he will have a brilliant career in the House of Commons. There are far too few men of his type among the representatives of the nation. The tendency of men of letters for some time has been to hold aloof from politics; and the fact is not surprising when we remember how much of what is called the political activity of the present day is made up of furious and barren strife. All the same, however, the divorce of politics from literature is to be regretted; for it is one of the causes which are tending more and more to make the House of Commons an assembly of men with no other claim to distinction but wealth—surely a rather humble claim to distinction in a country which has played a commanding part in the intellectual progress of the world. There may be a difference of opinion regarding the value of Mr. Morley's work as a journalist; but about the worth of his contributions to enduring literature there can be no doubt whatever. He has done more than any other English writer—and perhaps as much as any writer on the Continent—to explain the origin and operation of the forces in the eighteenth century which led not only to the French Revolution but to the transformation of Western ideas on almost all the highest subjects of human thought. And in his most important efforts to influence opinion on matters of contemporary interest, he has always been honourably distinguished by a tolerant spirit, and by a disposition to guide his judgment in accordance with great principles. He promises to give a general support to the present Government; but he will disappoint many of those who were pleased by his victory at Newcastle, if he does not combine manly independence with loyalty to his party.

THE ASHBURNHAM MSS.—It is not very pleasant to buy a dog, and, just as you have begun to grow fond of him, to find that the man who sold him to you stole him from another party, which party claims his restoration. Yet this seems likely to be the position of the British Museum, should it venture to purchase the Ashburnham MSS., because, according to M. Delisle, the Director of the French National Library, some of the choicest Ashburnham treasures were stolen from various public collections in France. The alleged thief was one Libri (capital name for a bookworm), and he is accused of having torn out leaves from priceless MSS., written sham notes on them in Italian to make it appear that they were derived from Italy and not from France, and then disposed of his feloniously-acquired wares to such enthusiasts as the late Lord Ashburnham. How much of this story is true, or how far M. Libri's rogueries extended, we cannot tell, but one thing is certain, that the public librarians in France have been very slack and careless. The question then arises whether public librarians may not be equally slack and careless elsewhere. The conclusion we come to is that a private owner is far more likely to take good care of a valuable old MS. or other *curio* than a mere official, who has none of the interest of possession; and it is worth considering whether the national money might not be better spent than in the acquisition of these rarities, which (unlike pictures) are totally uninteresting (as objects to be looked at) to nine hundred and ninety people out of a thousand. Personally, we should feel just as well pleased that some old MS. Psalter (let us say) was in private hands as in the Bodleian, and the odds are that in that case it would be more vigilantly guarded from gentry of the Libri type.

FIGURATED HYMNS.—The free negro of the Mississippi Bends appears to be a very tuneful person. Song is as necessary to his existence as to that of any Sicilian shepherd, and "the evolution of his hymns," as an American writer informs the world, is certainly interesting. The negro delights in what he calls "figured" hymns, that is, metrical and musical renderings of incidents from the Bible. But the negro is musical rather than intellectual (as many musical people are) and, as long as he gets his melody, he does not care much about historical accuracy. Here is an example, in which the Apostle John is mixed up with Elijah, while "the Philistines" seem rather to be the enemies of Mr. Matthew Arnold than of Israel: "In de days of de great tribulashun, On a big desert island de Philistines put John, But de ravens dey feed him until de dawn come round. O come down, come down, John!" The "John" referred to is, by the negroes, believed to be John the Baptist. Even the Bonis of Guiana, a race of blacks who have fled from slavery, and lapsed into savagery, know more of ancient history than the singers of this highly "figured" hymn. The Bonis believe in an evil spirit, called Didibi, who is probably "de debbil" of the Mississippi free blacks. Sometimes a Biblical word sanctifies pure nonsense in a hymn, as in this case: "Big ole black man hiding 'hind de log, Finger on de trigger, eye upon de hog. Shiloh! Shiloh!" In more profane moments, the negroes fight battles with razors, inflicting sanguinary superficial wounds, like those which Lord Macaulay "gave the man who shaved him." They are an original people.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR," drawn by Adrien Marie.



THE SILVER WEDDING AT BERLIN

THE celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany was to have taken place on January 25th, the actual anniversary of the marriage when Prince Frederick William, in 1858, espoused the Princess Royal of England in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Owing, however, to the death of their uncle, Prince Charles, the festivities were postponed until this week. A brief account of them will be found in another column, and we shall describe them more in detail next week, when we hope to publish some sketches of the proceedings by our special artist. In our present issue we publish the portrait of the Princess in the uniform of the 2nd regiment of Hussars (Leibhusaren), of which she is the honorary colonel, and at whose head she might have been seen riding past her father-in-law, the Emperor, when the latter reviewed the regiment at the Autumn manœuvres. As becomes the wife of one of the most distinguished generals in Europe, and the future Empress of the greatest military nation in the world, the Princess takes considerable interest in military matters, as, indeed, in all things relating to her adopted country. During the quarter-century that she has lived in Germany the Princess has endeared herself to her future subjects in the most complete manner, while at the same time never losing sight of the country of her birth. General von Moltke is stated to have said of her, "She has shown she can love both countries, and be true to both Mother and Husband." In an interesting account of the Princess's home-life which recently appeared in the *Times*, the writer tells how the Princess herself has carefully watched and superintended the education of her children to such an extent that "it may be said that they have learnt the best part of what they know from her." In her hours of leisure she paints, and, as visitors to our water-colour galleries know, paints exceedingly well, and reads extensively the latest literary productions both of England and Germany. She is by no means afraid, the writer above-mentioned tells us, to dip into revolutionary literature, and to try to find out what the Teutonic Socialists really want—remarking once to a surprised courtier, "I suppose one may fish for pearls in any waters, but I have not found any." A great enemy of intolerance, the Princess has taken an active part against the Jew baiters, and as an antidote to Herr Stocker's denunciations, even invited a number of prominent Israelites to dinner at the Palace. The peace-making efforts of the Princess, however, have had far greater results than the calming of the "Judenhetze" fever, for many of the interminable quarrels of Prussia with the minor German Courts have been smoothed over by the judicious tact which has been shown by her husband and herself. Truly, few Princesses can show such a quarter of century's good and useful work both in their family circle, and in the wider sphere of public life.

In another illustration we depict the medal struck in honour of the Silver Wedding, and also a jewel pendant which has been distributed amongst certain of the guests by the Prince and Princess. In the ornamentation is shown the emblems of the German Empire (an eagle, surmounted by an Imperial Crown), as well as those of Great Britain (the red and white rose, the thistle, and the shamrock). These have been entwined in the arabesques. In the centre are the initials of the names of the Prince and Princess wreathed with flowers, and a shield on which is engraved the date of the wedding and the year of the Silver Wedding. The top part is formed by the Prince's crown, surrounded by branches of oak and laurel. Dr. T. F. Krell, Professor of the Royal School of Industrial Arts at Munich, was entrusted with the design and the superintendence of the manufacture of the jewel, which was made by Messrs. Carl Winterhalter and Julius Elchinger. The pendant is tastefully enamelled in colours, and set with diamonds and other stones and Oriental pearls.

"A CORNER IN PORK"

THIS was an enterprise after the manner of the Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds of the Mighty West, only on a more modest scale. The operators were Messrs. Gray and Colley. Gray, who is naturally a bit of a sneak, agreed to stand by the door, and give the alarm if necessary, while Colley undertook to do the actual thieving. There was an amiable smile on poor decapitated Piggy's face which lurked Mr. Colley on. Was it fancy or reality that a few moments later the expression of the features, after they had been tumbled on to the floor, changed to a sardonic grin? At all events a weapon was hurled by an unseen hand, with terribly vindictive force, at the principal operator. Luckily for Mr. Colley, it missed its aim, and stuck quivering in the floor. Off bolted Colley, thankful to escape unhurt. His cunning mate, Mr. Gray, had already shown a clever (double) pair of heels.

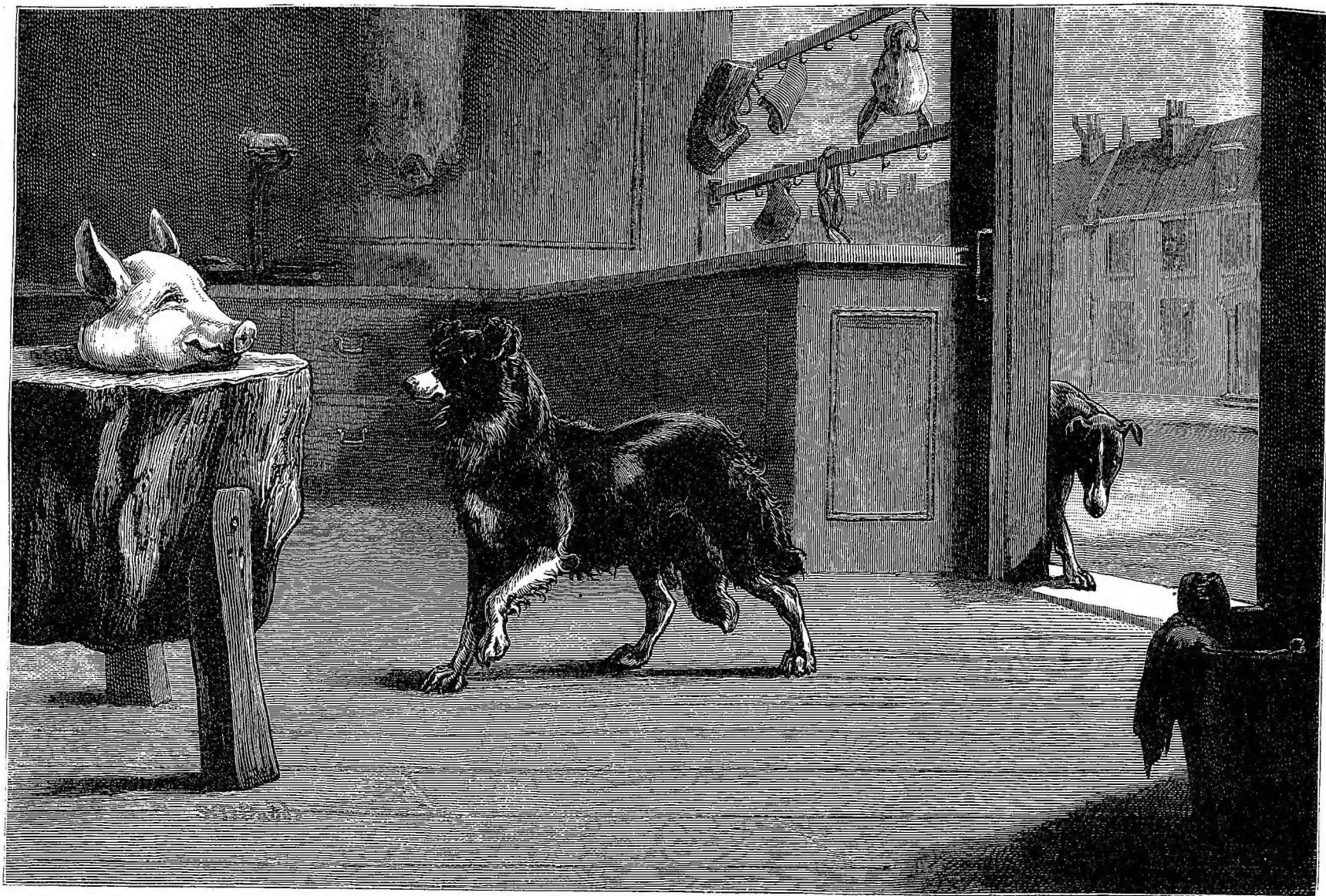
THE SWANNERY, ABBOTSBURY, DORSET

ABBOTSBURY, though not more than nine miles from Weymouth, is but little known, yet few places better repay a visit. Here the Chesil beach forms a large lagoon of brackish water, where, under the fostering care of Lord Ilchester, more than a thousand swans are congregated together. Indeed, their number had reached 1,400 when the terrible winter of 1879-80 destroyed the green weed on which the birds chiefly subsist. Notwithstanding that five or six sacks of barley were each week distributed among them, many then perished of cold and hunger, and many sought the shelter of the Portland Breakwater and the "Backwater" at Weymouth, where they still remain.

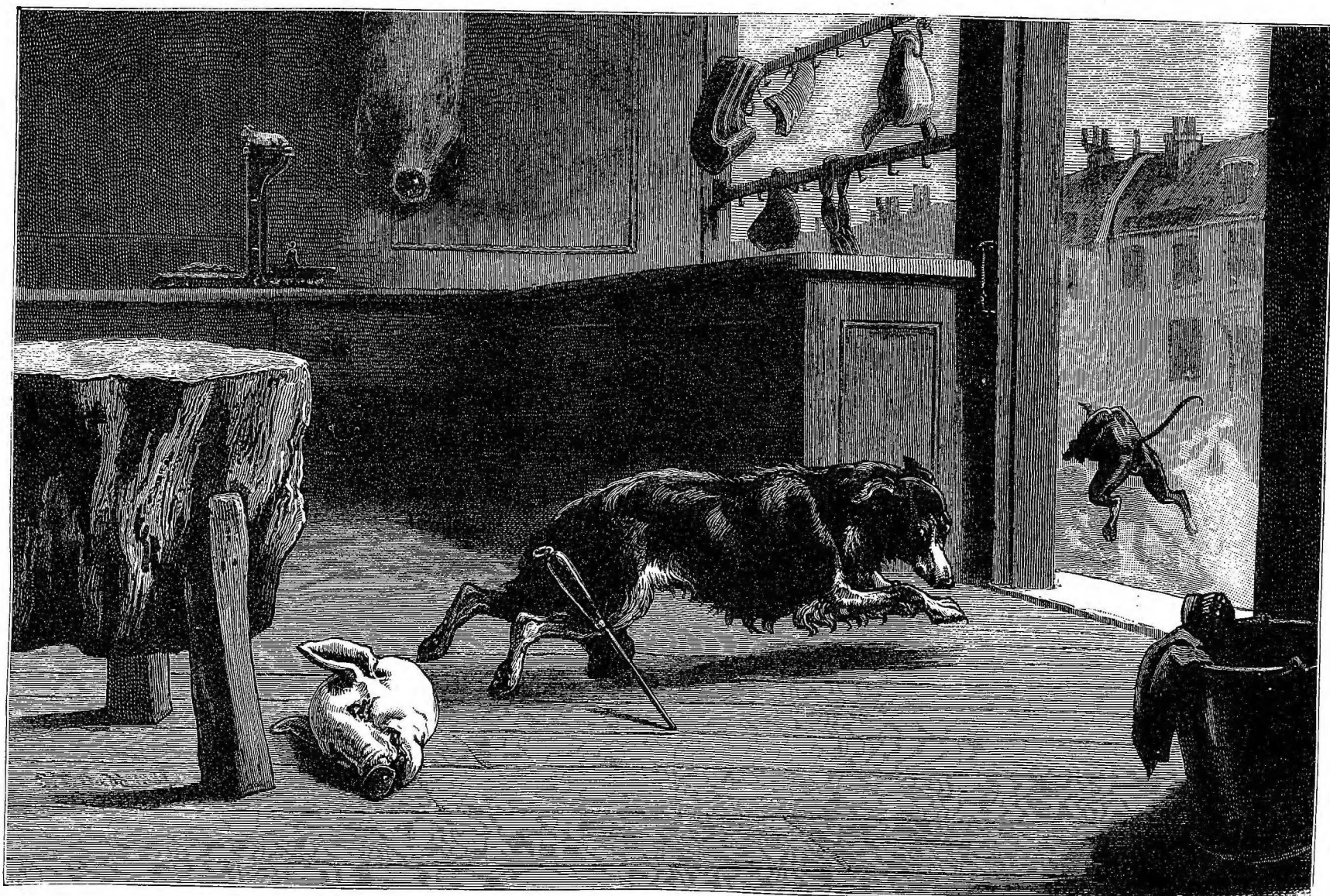
To see the swannery to perfection, it should be visited now, in the early spring, when the birds are in full plumage and engaged in nesting, which process is portrayed in one of our illustrations.—Our engravings are from sketches by Major W. J. Foster, Dene Court, Bishop's Lydeard.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN

JAMES CAREY, the approver, whose name has become notorious wherever the English language is spoken, began life as a bricklayer. He afterwards entered the employment of a firm of builders, where he raised himself to a responsible position. He married a wife with money, and, having also saved some himself, he set up in business on his own account, and was soon in thriving circumstances. Thus far Carey's record is eminently favourable, and if such a career could be reported of the vast majority of Irishmen, poverty and discontent would be exceptional conditions, and secret conspiracies would become unknown. But, unfortunately for himself and for others, James Carey, actuated no doubt in the first instance by a misguided, though genuine patriotism, became a prominent member of various hidden organisations. He paid nearly the entire cost of a monument which was erected to the memory of one O'Donoghue, a Fenian, killed during the revolt of 1867. He was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of the informer Bailey. In November last he was elected as a Town Councillor for Dublin, defeating the Conservative candidate by a large majority. Since

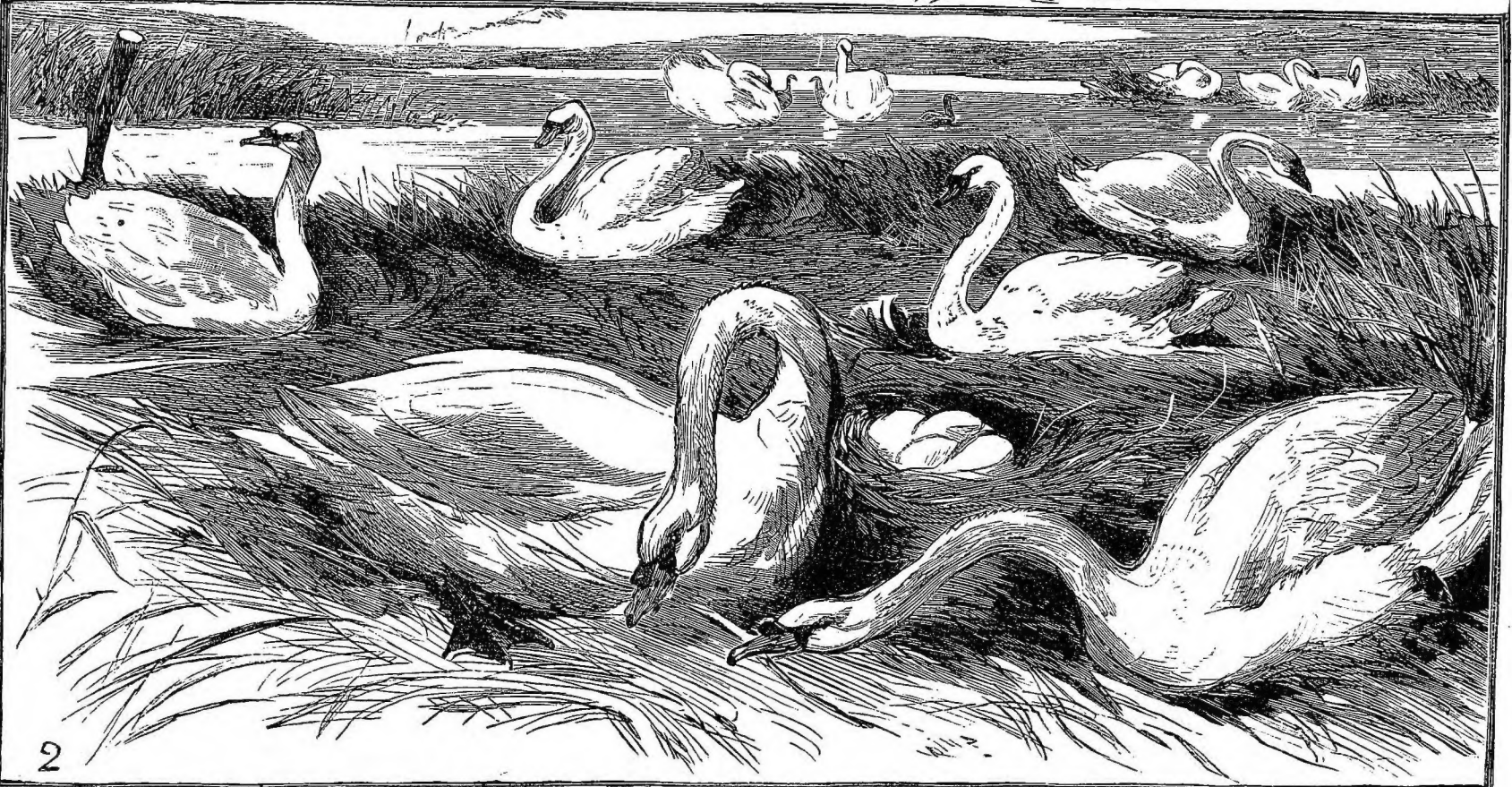


THE OPERATORS



BAFFLED

A "CORNER" IN PORK



1. Feeding the Swans.—2. Swans Nesting.—3. The Fleet.

LORD ILCHESTER'S SWANNERY, ABBOTSBURY. DORSET

then he has taken a prominent part (on the Nationalist side) in the Corporation debates. Up to the time of his arrest he lived in a four-storey house in Denzille Street, built by himself. Carey's personal appearance is variously described. According to the *Standard*, he is a tall, well-built man of forty-five, with a high forehead and pleasant-looking light eyes. His demeanour was quiet, his dress decent, and his general air one of respectability. The *Daily Telegraph* speaks of his eyes having a crafty expression, and of his features being thin and pinched. Our double-page engraving is sufficiently explained by the quotation from the *Standard* of February 19th, which is appended to it.

Of our other sketches, one represents Carey's house in Denzille Street, alluded to above, and another shows the house on Cork Hill, opposite the main Castle Gate, which was hired for the purpose of assassinating Earl Cowper. Rosemount is a cottage where the witnesses are kept under police protection.

THE PALAZZO VENDRAMIN-CALERGI, VENICE

THE Palace where, on the 13th ult., Wagner died, is one of the most striking buildings on the Grand Canal; and Mr. Hare, in his admirable "Handbook," chronicles it as one of the few Venetian palaces which are well kept up; while it has a garden beside it rich with evergreens, and decorated with gilded railings and white statues which cast long streams of snowy reflection down into the deep water. It was built in 1407 by Pietro Lombardo for Andrea Loredan. A hundred years after it was sold to the Duke of Brunswick, who in his turn sold it to the Duke of Mantua. In 1539 it was bought by Vittore Calergi, whose family becoming extinct in the male line, it then passed to the Grimani, and subsequently to the Vendramini, by whom it was sold in 1842 to the Duchesse de Berri, the mother of the Comte de Chambord. The *façade*, which is shown in our engraving, is built of grey Ionian stone, with pillars of Greek marble and medallions of porphyry. The whole building is a magnificent specimen of the early Renaissance style; and, as it can be seen for a small fee, it is well worthy of a visit even from a passing tourist, for the interior is singularly elegant, and the palace contains several exceedingly good paintings.

THE LATE EX-KING OF FIJI

A LARGE majority of "monarchs retired from business" would be found heartily to endorse the dictum that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and it is certain that his ex-Majesty Cacobau (pronounced Thakombau), King of Fiji, never had any cessation of trouble till the British Government annexed the quondam cannibal archipelago as a Crown colony of a "severe type." Cacobau's father, Tanoa, was a determined old cannibal, and on this account Sir Edward Home would not allow him on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Calliope*. Cacobau came to the throne of Fiji in 1852, and adopted the Wesleyan form of Christianity in 1854. His long-continued struggle with the Tongan adventurer Maafi, commonly called the Bismarck of the Pacific, commenced shortly afterwards, and only ceased by the intervention of a British war ship. On several occasions Cacobau offered to surrender his troubled kingdom to Great Britain, but it was not until 1874 that he was relieved of the cares of royalty by the annexation of Fiji. He then retired into private life on a pension of £1,500, and was also presented with a yacht, or *wonga* in Fijian. Hence in the Fijian "old hand" ballad which describes the cession occur the following classic lines—

Now this is what the King said to the commodore,
In the presence of the Fiji chiefs at T' (tonga),
"If the Queen she wants these islands make it right with me before,
A thousand pounds per annum and a *wonga*."

Cacobau was above the middle height, and, like the rest of the Fijians, of a dark copper colour. He lived much in native fashion at Draiba, a southern suburb of Levuka, into which town he, however, drove now and again in a handsome Sydney-built barouche. Not so many years ago his ex-Majesty was not above boarding European craft in the harbour in the hope of getting a little gratuitous liquor, but later the proximity of a British Viceroy taught him to stand on his dignity. He was very fond of asking endless questions as to the armed strength of the European Powers that he knew of, and would listen to accounts of big ships and big guns with evident gusto. Those who knew him best say he was of a kindly and good disposition, and Sir Arthur Gordon's acknowledgment of the assistance rendered him by Cacobau is evidence that this retired King of (not long ago) veritable Cannibal Islands had qualities which befitted his rank.—Our sketch of this recently deceased notability as he appeared surrounded by his chiefs is from a photograph taken a few years ago by Mr. F. H. Duffy, a Levukan artist of some celebrity.

GENERAL CORFIELD

GENERAL W. R. CORFIELD, who died at 128, Lexham Gardens, S.W., on November 30, entered the Bengal Army in 1821. In 1823, while still only an ensign, he dispersed a body of mutinous troops belonging to the King of Oude, and seized the two guns they had brought against him. He was present at the siege and storming of Bhurtpore in 1825-26 (medal and clasp). In 1836-37 he was in command of the 31st Bengal Native Infantry in the Cole and Santal campaign, and received the thanks of the Governor-General. He served throughout the Cabul campaign in 1838-40, and was present at the storming of Khelat in 1839, on which occasion he commanded a wing of his regiment which forced the gate of the citadel (medal and clasp). In 1842 he was attached to the Light Infantry Brigade of the Army of the Sutlej. In 1843 he served in the Gwalior campaign, including the battle of Maharajpore (bronze star). He commanded the 31st Bengal Native Infantry throughout the Punjab campaign, including the actions of Ramnuggar, Sadoolapore, Chilianwallah, and Goojerat, and the subsequent pursuit of the Sikhs and Afghans to Peshawar (medals, two clasps, and brevet lieutenant-colonel). In 1850 he commanded the regiment which formed part of the force proceeding to Kohat under Sir Charles Napier (frontier medal and clasp). From 1858 to 1860 he served in China in command of the Bengal Brigade (medal). During the eleven years he commanded the 31st Bengal Native Infantry the regiment attained a high degree of discipline, so much so that it was the only battalion of the Bengal Army which remained loyal throughout the Mutiny. He was promoted to the rank of General on the 1st of October, 1877.—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. Fall, Baker Street, Portman Square.

MRS. BRAY

ANNA ELIZA BRAY, a well-known Devonshire authoress, was born in Surrey on Christmas Day, 1790, and died in Brompton Crescent on the 21st of January last, in her ninety-third year. She was the daughter of Mr. John Kempe, a descendant of an ancient family. In 1818 she was married to Charles Stothard, the artist, and with him she visited the old towns of Normandy and Brittany, soon afterwards publishing a series of animated letters descriptive of her tour. In 1821 Mr. Stothard was killed by a fall from a ladder while making a drawing in Beer Ferraers Church, Devonshire. Shortly afterwards a child was born to the widow, which, however, died in early infancy, and in some sense she never recovered from the mental shadow which this period of her life cast over her. Aided by her brother, Mr. Alfred John Kempe, himself a distinguished antiquary, she edited her husband's incomplete work on the "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain," and in 1823 published his "Memoirs." This book was highly commended both by Sir Walter Scott and Southey, and led to an intimate friendship with the latter. She afterwards married the Rev. E. A. Bray, Vicar

of Tavistock, and in company with him collected materials for a series of works of fiction, founded on local traditions. During the busy literary career which followed she published a series of novels, chiefly historical, and mostly pertaining to Devon and Cornwall. Her writings had a considerable reputation both in Germany and America, and we understand that they are to be republished in a collective form. Mrs. Bray again became a widow in 1857, and thenceforward settled in London. She has bequeathed to the British Museum a beautiful collection of original drawings by her first husband.—Our engraving is from a miniature in the possession of her family, which was painted by Patten forty years ago.

COLONEL TAYLOR, M.P.

COLONEL TAYLOR was the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, and cousin of the second Marquis of Headfort. He was born in 1811, and married a daughter of the Hon. and Rev. H. F. Tollemache. Colonel Taylor, who was formerly a Captain in the 6th Dragoon Guards, was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the Counties of Meath and Dublin. Under successive Conservative Governments he was a Lord of the Treasury in 1858-59, Parliamentary Secretary in 1866-68, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster from 1874 to 1880. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1868. He represented the County of Dublin in Parliament without a break from 1841 onwards, although several formidable attempts were made to oust him. In the House he was not a distinguished debater, but was regarded as a sagacious and judicious adviser. Although an uncompromising Conservative, he was held in high personal esteem by his political opponents. He had recently recovered from a severe illness, and had come to Dublin to attend a meeting and dinner of the Constitutional Club, when he was taken with a succession of fits, and died on February 4.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., 13 and 14, Pall Mall East.

THE SECOND DIVISION AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

IN the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* there is an excellent description by General Hamley of the exploits of this force. This account is all the more valuable because few newspaper correspondents accompanied it. Moreover, they were the only body of troops which attacked in the dark. General Hamley graphically describes their onward progress under the starlight, and the efforts which were made to ensure as complete a silence as possible so as not to alarm the enemy. At last, just as the stars had begun to pale, a few shots were fired by the enemy's pickets (one of which shots killed a Highlander), then a single bugle sounded within his lines, and then the whole stream of entrenchments in front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a stream of rifle-fire. Our troops were 150 yards from the blazing line of entrenchments, and in crossing that fatal interval nearly two hundred men went down. Fully to appreciate what the brave fellows did, some of whom are depicted in M. Marie's picture, the whole of this article should be read.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 229.

"RESCUED"

THIS picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1881, comes before us with peculiar appropriateness at the present moment, when not only in our own island, but throughout Central Europe, and even across the Atlantic, come accounts of the most terrible inundations. In England, though great damage has been done to property, the loss of life has been little; and while the inconvenience to farmers has been serious, there have been comparatively few persons turned out of house and home. In Germany, however, matters have been far different. The Rhine has overflowed its banks to an almost unprecedented extent, the picturesque old towns and pretty villages, which summer tourists yearly admire as they steam swiftly by them, have been almost submerged, the streets being turned into canals, and navigated by boats of no light draught. In more inland spots the situation has been far more serious, and many a farmer and his family have been rescued at the last moment in the manner so truthfully and spiritedly depicted by Mr. Bouverie Goddard.

RESCUE FROM A DESERT ISLAND AND THE HOME OF THE PAILLE EN QUEUE

See page 234.



MR. GLADSTONE left Cannes on Monday last for Paris, whence, after visiting M. Grévy and meeting the new Premier, M. Ferry, at a dinner given by Lord Lyons, he returned on Friday to Parliamentary work in London. His last excursion was on Saturday, when he embarked at Nice in Colonel Farquharson's steam-yacht, and sailed eastwards along the coast as far as Bordighera, returning, without landing, to the harbour of Golfo Juan, which lies at the foot of the Château Scott. The difference in his appearance now and six weeks ago is described by the *Daily News* correspondent as "astonishing." "Then he could scarcely walk along the railway platform unaided. Now he hurried, and at times almost ran, with the sprightliness of a young man."—Mr. Fawcett, too, whose health is apparently quite restored, will return to his official work next week.—Police protection has been supplied to Mr. Forster's residence since his crushing denunciation of the Land League leaders in the debate of the 22nd inst.—The Newcastle election ended, as had been anticipated, in the return of Mr. John Morley by a majority of 2,256; though his Conservative opponent had the satisfaction (thanks to the solid Irish vote) of polling a much larger number—7,187—than his party had ever done before in Newcastle. The new member took his seat and the oaths on Tuesday amidst much cheering.—At the county town of Mullingar was seen on Saturday the unusual spectacle of the unopposed return for Westmeath of a candidate, Mr. T. Harrington, who was at that moment undergoing imprisonment in the County Gaol for inflammatory speeches. Bands of music paraded the streets, and played merrily before the prison in which the newly-elected member was confined.—The battle in County Dublin was briskly fought on Tuesday—Colonel King-Harman receiving the support of the great body of the Conservatives, notwithstanding Mr. T. H. Guinness's attempt to divide the party, and the Nationalists, headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, doing their best to make Mr. Macmahon's defeat an honourable one. Colonel King-Harman's majority was 1,086, the largest obtained within living memory.—At Portlanning, where the Parnellites had hoped for victory, Mr. French Brewster (Conservative) polled seventy votes against fifty-seven recorded for Mr. Mayne.—Colonel Carrington "having been appointed by Her Majesty to a permanent household office," has resigned his seat for Wycombe, which he has represented for fifteen years. The new Liberal candidate is Col. Gerard Smith.—Mr. G. Latham, of Bradgate Hall, will contest Mid-Cheshire

in the Liberal interest against the Hon. Alan Egerton, a younger brother of the present member, now raised to the Upper House by the death of his father, Lord Egerton.—The Judges in the Salisbury Election Petition have reported that no corrupt practice prevailed in the borough with the knowledge of the candidate, who must, therefore, be pronounced duly elected. Three persons, however, will be named in the report as guilty of bribery, and the practice of employing voters as bill-posters was censurable, and ought to be avoided. No costs were, therefore, awarded to Mr. Kennard. Much joy was felt in the borough at the decision, and in the evening of Monday there was a torchlight procession, and a copy of the petition was formally burned amidst hearty cheers.—Speeches out of Parliament by Lord R. Churchill at Woodstock, by Lord Cranbrook at the annual dinner of the Westminster Conservative Association, and by Lord Carlingford at the opening of a new Reform Club in Coventry, have contained little very striking. Lord R. Churchill's the most violent, was also perhaps the freshest. The contemptuous neglect, he thought, to make any mention of agricultural distress in the Queen's Speech, the encouraging answer given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to an association which advocates the placing of all the taxes of the country upon the land, and "the mocking delay of the great measure of County Government Reform," should warn the farmers against trusting to the present Government.—A petition against "any alteration of the law for the purpose of enabling a professed Atheist to sit as a member of the House of Commons" is being circulated throughout the country for signatures by direction of the Protestant Alliance. Another has been signed by the committee of the National Club, and a third by the Bishop of Dover, the Dean of Canterbury, and the greater number of the Kentish magistrates and clergy.—The freedom of the City of Glasgow will be presented to Mr. Bright, M.P., when he visits that city to deliver his Rectorial address to the students of the University on the 22nd of March. It is also proposed to entertain him at a public luncheon.

EARL SPENCER'S second *levée* on Tuesday was well attended, though not so numerously as the first, through the absence of many gentlemen from Dublin on county business. The populace was again excluded from the court-yard of the Castle.—The police investigations into the murder conspiracy are actively carried on, and hopes are entertained that both the mysterious "No. 1" and the authors of many agrarian murders in the country districts will be trapped before long in the meshes of the law. Application has been made to the American Government for the extradition of Mr. J. P. Sheridan, to the great indignation of the New York Irish, and Mr. F. Byrne has been arrested in Paris by the French police—at the instance of the British Government—and was interrogated on Tuesday and Wednesday at the Prefecture as to charges brought against him. Some days must elapse before it can be decided whether there is matter or not for extradition. Mr. T. Brennan, the late Secretary of the Land League, has written to say that while he neither admits nor denies his belonging to the Irish Republican Brotherhood, he emphatically denies that any charge can be brought against him that would come within the meaning of the international law of extradition. "If the English authorities want him on such a charge, he will save them the trouble of applying to the American Government." Mr. Carey has been interviewed at Kilmainham by an active correspondent, and has declared that he would not leave the country if released. He claims to have betrayed no one, but to have saved many innocent men—M'Caffrey, E. O'Brien, Fitzpatrick, Whelan, J. Smith. His son also avers that his father would never have become approver had he not found out that all his fellow-prisoners were ready to turn Queen's evidence.—Another of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, George Flynn, was murdered on Sunday evening, by a man who had followed him as he was returning home, and another who sprang out from behind a wall. His life is said to be in danger.—W. Phelan, acquitted in 1881 for the savage murder of Mr. Boyd, jun., near New Ross, has become mad, and was sent last week to a lunatic asylum.—Sad reports of distress continue to pour in from the poorer districts in the West. The medical officer of Gweedore, County Donegal, reports that "sea-weed is the principal food of the population, and that in almost every house there is a sick patient, especially among the old, for whom medicine is useless, the one thing needed being nourishment;" and at Inniscree, in Sligo, 500 families, it is said, would have perished "only for assistance from charitable people in Dublin."—Meanwhile the Nationalists prefer to spend their money in testimonials to their Parliamentary champions. The latest proposal is for a purse for Mr. Parnell, and is headed with 5/- from the Rev. J. Kavanagh.—A curious plot to do some damage to Lord Spencer appears to have been discovered at Ballydehob, in Cork. A letter, containing a charge of dynamite, with fuse attached, was posted there for his Lordship, "On Her Majesty's Service," but very fortunately without a stamp. But for this omission the local postmaster in counter-stamping the letter would certainly have been blown up. Lord Spencer would not have been hurt under any circumstances, for all his letters are opened by his Secretary.—One hundred men have been set to work on the buildings for the Cork Exhibition, and will be employed night and day if necessary to get all things ready for the opening at the date announced.—5,201 families, representing 26,836 persons, have been evicted in the year ending December 31; 198 families, or 833 persons, were re-admitted as tenants, and 2,331 families, or 12,338 persons, as care-takers. The evictions numbered 1,176 in Ulster, 1,091 in Leinster, 1,457 in Connaught, and 1,477 in Munster.—The Society for the Relief of Irish Ladies in Distress through non-payment of rents is still in need of help, and many ladies, it is stated, would be glad of cast-off clothing for adults and children.

AT THE MEETING OF THE DANUBIAN CONFERENCE ON SATURDAY the knotty question of the regulation of the Kilia mouth of the river—the channel which passes through Russian territory—is said to have been amicably arranged. Stringent precautions will be taken against any diversion of the stream from the other channels, and fortifications are not to be constructed on the bank without the previous consent of the Great Powers.

BETTER TIDINGS come this week of the health of our troops in Egypt, where the percentage of sick in hospital has fallen to seven per cent. The sanitary condition of the cavalry regiments still, however, leaves something to be desired, the proportion of invalids among them rising as high as 8½ per cent.

THE RETURNS OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE for the last official meeting exhibit the largest percentage of efficient yet attained, though the enrolled strength shows a slight diminution. This is now 207,336, of whom no less than 199,374 are efficient—a percentage of 96·16, as against 96·08 in the previous return. The list of officers who are to serve on the staff and command the divisions and brigades for the attack and defence at the Brighton Review was published on Monday last. The whole will be under the command of General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

MUCH DISSATISFACTION still exists among the employees of the Caledonian Railway Company, the men contending that the recent circular of the manager meets their petition with a flat refusal. Arbitration is suggested by them, as in the present state of things harmony in the conduct of the traffic is impossible. On the Midland, too, there is some discontent that the reduction of a shilling a week in guards' and porters' wages—introduced four years ago as a temporary measure, on the plea of the prevailing depression in trade—should still be maintained though times have much improved, and a movement for a return to the old scale of wages, and for relief and extra pay for Sunday duty, is going on all along the line from Carlisle to Bristol.

A CONFERENCE of miners' delegates, representing in the aggregate 236,810 hands, was opened at Manchester on Tuesday, under the presidency of Mr. Crawford, of the Durham Miners' Association. The chief subject before the meeting (which is to last over three days), will be, it is believed, the proposed restriction of output. Representatives of the Press will not be admitted. A meeting, too, of the Council of the National Amalgamated Society of Ironworkers, at Manchester, has resulted in the issue of a circular advocating restriction of production in finished iron. Sliding scales, it is urged, however arranged will not benefit the workman so long as masters carry on a system of over-producing and under-selling.

AT A MEETING ON FRIDAY OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS, the Building Act Committee reported that at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, the notice served as to opening and closing of the exits from the theatre had not been complied with, and suggested that another notice should be served by their solicitor. Structural alterations were also recommended in the Elephant and Castle and in the Globe Theatre.

ECHOES OF THE RECENT STORMS come back across the Atlantic in reports of ocean steamers damaged or delayed. The Cunarder *Servia* was three days behind time, and had eight feet of water in one of her compartments. The *City of Paris* had three sailors badly injured and two boats swept away. The *Lake Nepigon* lost six boats, and the *England* was four days late. Much anxiety is felt about the freight steamers, many of which are several weeks overdue.

AT A MEETING this week of the Metropolitan Poor-Law Guardians, to consider the report of the Royal Commission on Small Pox and Fever Hospitals, a very adverse opinion was expressed to the existing Metropolitan Asylums Board. The large hospitals, it was said, had been the means of greatly increasing small-pox, and the cost of each patient is vastly greater than the cost under the old Guardian system. A resolution was carried unanimously in favour of an inquiry into the constitution, expenditure, and management of the Board, and of a suspension of further legislation until the result of such inquiry is made known.



The Debate on the Address has been prolonged in a manner which augurs ill for the business prospects of the Session. A clear fortnight has been occupied in debating the motion, a period that exceeds anything hitherto accomplished. What makes it the more significant is the actual condition of political parties. The Opposition are of course dissatisfied with the Ministry. Oppositions usually are. But their position is not such that they can challenge Ministerial policy on any particular point. The Irish members are in a state of hostility, which again is no unusual occurrence. But as compared with the condition of Ireland at this time last year there is considerably less ground than usual for them to stand upon. Last year several of their colleagues were in prison; Ireland was in a state of veiled rebellion; and a Coercion Bill was promised in the Queen's Speech. Ireland is just now comparatively quiet. There are only two Irish members in prison, one having been raised to senatorial estate since he entered upon his confinement. There is no Coercion Bill looming in sight, and at least half-a-dozen small but useful measures relating to Ireland have been promised by the Government. If in this condition of affairs the debate on the Address can be extended for fourteen days it is clear that the spirit of obstruction is not dead, or even sleeping.

The ingenious mind among the public would doubtless ask where are the far-famed New Rules, and, above all, the much-debated First Resolution? It may be answered that the prolongation of purposeless talk over the Address proves what was in some quarters urged during the height of the controversy on the First Resolution, that its application to the business in the House of Commons would be exceedingly rare. In the debate on the Address it is easy for a party so minded to guard against its application. If for fourteen days the Opposition had been avowedly discussing a single amendment, it is possible that a long-suffering majority might have brought the Clôture into operation. But nothing so unworkmanlike as that is likely to be done in the present advanced period of the art of obstruction. The thing is to bring forward half-a-dozen speeches under distinct heads, and marshalled under specific amendments. On Wednesday, when the debate on Mr. McCarthy's amendment was resumed, the suggestion of introducing the Clôture in order to make way for the indispensable business of supply would have been indignantly resented by the Irish members, who would have urged that Mr. McCarthy had really only had since nine o'clock on Tuesday night for the discussion of his amendment. But behind it lay the fact that practically for a whole week, since Mr. Forster had brought in his amendment, the House had been uninterruptedly discussing affairs relating to Ireland.

The debate thus ingeniously dragged out has been singularly dull and uninteresting. It culminated in the appearance of Mr. Parnell on Friday in last week, in answer to the terrible indictment brought against him at the previous sitting by Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster's sledge-hammer speech had acted upon Mr. O'Kelly as if that gentleman were provided with a detonator about his person. He had "gone off"—exploded—and had been promptly expelled, the New Rules here coming into operation to the extent of banishing him from the House for a week, instead, as was formerly the custom, of releasing him from whatever might remain of the night on which he had offended. Mr. Parnell, called upon for his defence, had answered with defiance. He not only declined to plead before the Court, but assailed Mr. Forster. Apparently nothing more was to be done after this. The connection of the Land League with the murderous gang which Mr. James Carey marshalled had been alleged by a competent witness on oath. Mr. Parnell had heard the accusation from his place in Parliament, and if he thought that no answer was, on the whole, the most judicious, it was conceded that he knew best, and the House silently turned away.

On Monday Mr. Parnell came forward with an amendment so monstrous in existing circumstances as actually to break down the highly-trained and well-considered loyalty of his own party. Whilst the Executive in Ireland were struggling with the ruffians who disgrace the country, the Leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons came forward with detailed charges of juries packed, judges unfaithful, and justice generally suborned. This was too much for some of the party who have followed Mr. Parnell for five years, and urgent representations were made with the object of inducing him to abandon his amendments. With an obstinacy that carries him through a good deal, Mr. Parnell stood firm, and moved his amendment. But his speech was dull and spiritless, and when it gradually died out and the division came it was found that Mr. Parnell's following was reduced to fifteen, and it was no secret that fully half that number were some of those who had most strongly remonstrated with him on the course taken, and who had at length yielded from contorted notions of fidelity to party.

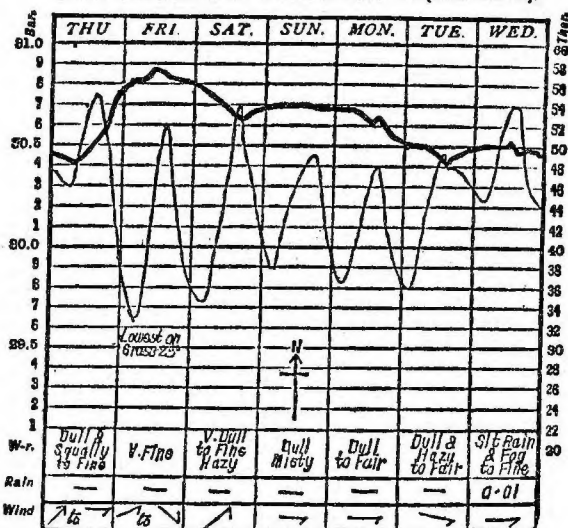
The marionette figure of this amendment having been knocked over by an overwhelming majority, another was dressed up, and presented as something quite new, original, and independent of all that had gone before. This was entrusted to Mr. Justin McCarthy,

and dealt with the important subject of existing distress in various parts of Ireland. The order in which these amendments were introduced is exceedingly significant. The first place was given to the outrageous attack on authority in Ireland, and this was undertaken by the leader of the party. The second place, filled by the lieutenant, was assigned to the case of the helpless and hopeless population of the West of Ireland. More significant still was the attitude of the Parnellites towards the question when actually before the House. Whilst Mr. McCarthy was speaking only one of his colleagues thought fit to be present. This was Mr. Biggar, who was having his customary nap, and slept on, whilst Mr. McCarthy described the suffering of a starving population. When Mr. McCarthy finished his speech he, too, left the House, not waiting to listen to the reply he had evoked from the Chief Secretary. As for Mr. Parnell, he was not in his place till midnight, and heard nothing of the debate beyond a portion of the speech of Mr. O'Connor Power and the remarks of Mr. Rathbone. If anything would remove the delusion under which a considerable portion of the population of Ireland rest with respect to their Parliamentary representatives, a glance at the House of Commons in the course of this debate surely would have had some effect.

Mr. Trevelyan's speech was well worth hearing, and distinctly advanced him in the always growing opinion of the House. Last autumn he visited the impoverished districts in the West of Ireland, and in a very few words conveyed the picture to the House. Father, mother, and innumerable children of all ages living in a hovel with clay floor in the absolute companionship of pigs and fowls. Perhaps the most striking touch unconsciously conveyed was Mr. Trevelyan's mention of "the growing extravagance" of these people. Formerly, he said, they had lived entirely on oatmeal and potatoes. The former they bought, the latter they grew. But since demoralisation set in with the flood of charity in 1879-80 they had committed the awful extravagance of "drinking tea and using a good deal of flour!" At the time Mr. Trevelyan was speaking hon. members were dropping in one by one from dinner, and must have flushed with indignation at this reckless extravagance. Mr. Trevelyan's brief but highly artistic sketch of the condition of the people in parts of the West was not drawn with the object of evoking misplaced pity or harmful charity. It was designed to support his thesis that the condition of the people is hopeless, and temporary relief worse than useless. What the Government have decided to do is to return to the working of the Poor Law Acts interrupted by the flood of charity, public and official, in 1879-80, and to aid emigration judiciously.

It was thought that at least on Wednesday the debate on the Address might have come to a conclusion, so that Supply, which is sorely needed, might be taken on Thursday. But the Irish members were obdurate, and carried the debate into Thursday, making the time occupied by this stage fifteen days, the longest on record.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM FEBRUARY 22 TO FEBRUARY 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been far more settled and quiet than of late, with practically no rainfall. This condition of affairs has been occasioned by the presence of an anti-cyclone system to the southward of us, and pressure has remained high and steady throughout nearly the whole time. The first day of the week opened rather gusty, with south-westerly winds, but as the day advanced the barometer rose quickly, and fine weather prevailed till the night of the following day. Pressure in the mean time had reached the unusually high reading of 30.86 inches, from which point it very slowly declined, and Saturday (24th inst.) found the sky very heavy at first, but fine and bright during the latter part of the day. The three following days were much alike, dull mornings, with distinct improvement later, and occasional sunshine. Wednesday (28th inst.) found the area of higher pressure to the westward of us, fairly uniform readings prevailing in our neighbourhood, and weather improving as the day advanced. Temperature has been above the average. The barometer was highest (30.86 inches) on Friday (23rd inst.); lowest (30.43 inches) on Tuesday (27th inst.); range, 0.43 inches. Temperature was highest (54°) on Wednesday (28th inst.); lowest (33°) on Friday (23rd inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on one day only. Total amount, 0.09 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.09 inches, on Wednesday (28th inst.).

VACCINATION AND ANTI-VACCINATION.—We recommend to Mr. Hopwood, M.P., and other fervent anti-vaccinators, the careful perusal of the report of Dr. Buchanan, Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, which has just been issued, and of which an interesting notice is given in the *Lancet* of last week. It contains, amongst other matter, an exhaustive article upon small-pox in London, and a comparison between the death-rate amongst vaccinated, partially vaccinated, and unvaccinated persons. On examining the statistics of the Parliamentary paper issued in 1881, we find that the death-rate was 3,350 per million amongst the unvaccinated of all ages, and 5,950 per million amongst unvaccinated infants under five years of age, while the death-rate amongst the vaccinated was 90 per million of all ages, and 40½ per million under five years. In this report we find that in the year 1881, amongst 55,000 children under ten years of age and unvaccinated, 782 died; whereas amongst the 861,000 vaccinated there were 125 deaths. These facts, collected under the best possible circumstances, speak for themselves. Another point of interest is shown in the report—viz., that there are many medical men who, instead of vaccinating in several places, as the best judges think necessary, will make only one inoculation to please the prejudiced mothers of the children; and on analysing the 125 deaths amongst vaccinated children, it is found that 82 had been vaccinated by private practitioners and 35 at the public stations, where there is no likelihood of the vaccination being deficient in quantity. Vaccination with animal lymph is now within the reach of all classes, and though it has some drawbacks leaves no excuse for the only powerful arguments which have been used against that done with human lymph.



PRINCE NAPOLEON intends to publish an account of his imprisonment at the Conciergerie and the Maison de Santé at Auteuil, so say several French journals.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.—With reference to our paragraph last week, Mr. Fradelle, of 246, Regent Street, informs us that he took forty-five of the portraits in the album which was given to the Prince of Wales.

THE LATE HERR WAGNER was haunted both in life and death by the fatal number "thirteen." He was born in 1813, and died on February 13th. The letters of his name amounted to 13, his second marriage numbered 13 years, and the great fiasco of his *Tannhäuser*, when produced in Paris, took place on March 13.

A MEMORIAL TO JOHN MILTON in the village of Horton, Bucks, where the poet lived with his father and mother, and composed his "Comus," "Penseroso," and "Arcades" is being discussed in the neighbourhood, and the promoters want to interest the public in filling the east window of the church with stained glass to Milton's memory. Sarah Milton, the poet's mother, was buried in this church.

AN INTERESTING TURNER RELIC has been presented to the National Gallery—the great artist's palette. Turner himself gave the palette to his solicitor, Mr. G. Cobb, accompanying the gift with an autograph letter, and the souvenirs subsequently came into the possession of Mr. R. H. Nibbs, who has offered them to the Gallery. Talking of the National collections, the portrait of George Eliot, painted by Mr. F. R. Burton, and exhibited in the Grosvenor last year, has been given to the National Portrait Gallery, where it will shortly be hung.

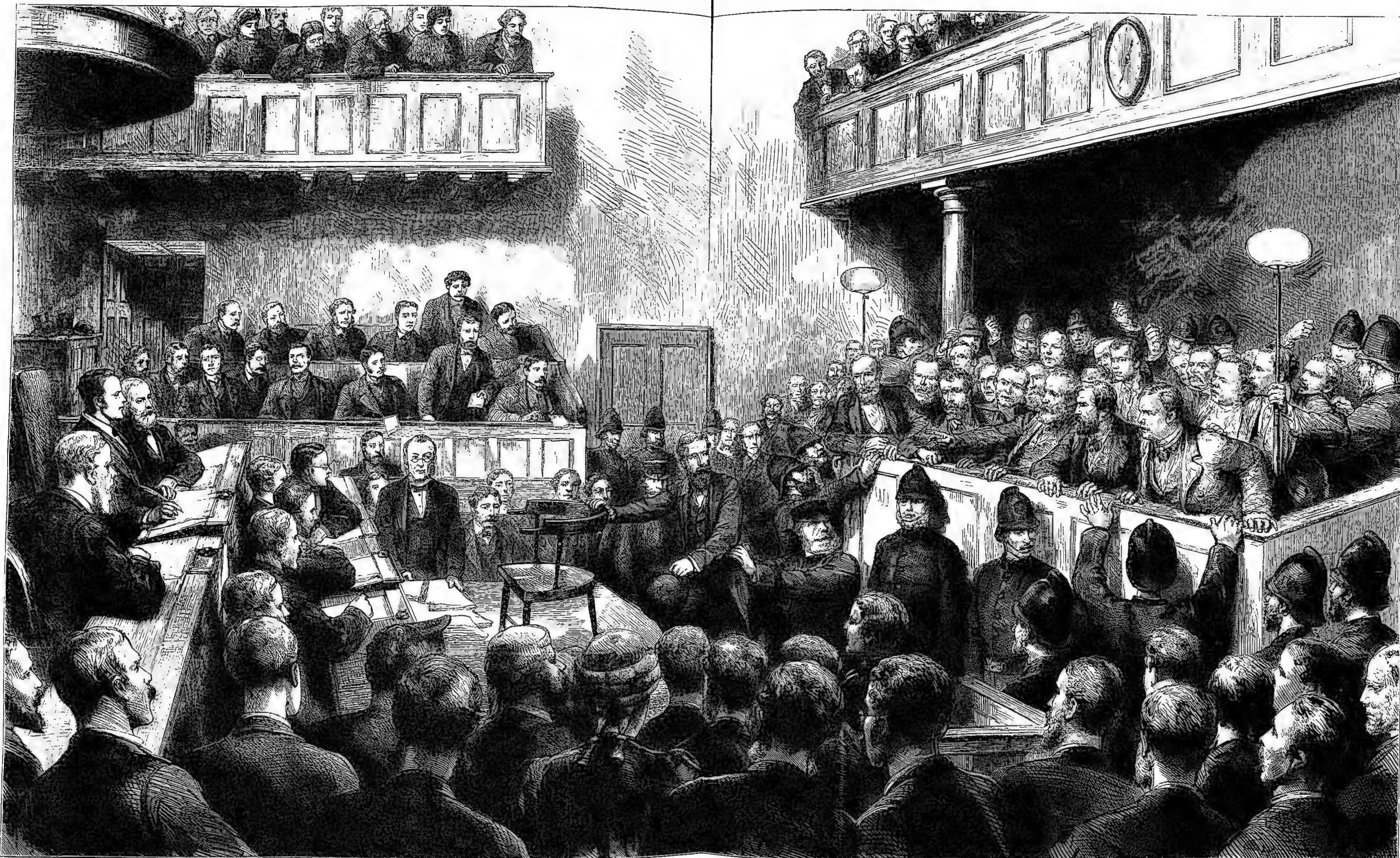
THE ENGLISH EXPEDITION TO OBSERVE THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE ON MAY 6TH has started for Panama on its way to the Caroline Islands. The two observers—Messrs. Lawrence and Woods, who were members of the expedition to Egypt for the eclipse of last May—went off in some haste, as the Treasury only sanctioned the necessary grant a fortnight before the time of leaving, but they managed to complete their programme so that every second for ten minutes on either side of totality has its allotted work. Their operations will be exclusively photographic, and it is hoped that some fifty photos will be taken if the weather proves favourable.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,554 deaths were registered against 1,525 during the previous seven days, a rise of 29, being 299 below the average, and at the rate of 20.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 6 from small-pox (an increase of 3), 28 from measles (a rise of 8), 36 from scarlet fever (a rise of 7), 18 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 28 from whooping-cough (a decline of 7), 1 from typhus fever (a fall of 1), 13 from enteric fever (a decline of 10), 6 from ill-defined forms of fever (a rise of 1), 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 3), and 366 from diseases of the respiratory organs, a decline of 35, and being 161 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths; 48 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,759 births registered against 2,732 during the previous week, being 10 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.8 deg., and 3.3 deg. above the average. The warmest day was Thursday, when 55 deg. were registered in the shade.

THE COMPULSORY RETIREMENT OF THE ORLEANS PRINCES has brought forth various accounts of their quiet lives from the Paris Royalist journals. Thus the *Figaro* tells of the "bourgeois" existence led by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres at Rouen for the last four years in a large white house on the Elbeuf Road, shut in by high walls, and having a small lake in front. Here they spent their time with their children, receiving few visitors, except the officers of the regiment and their families. The Duchess was exceedingly charitable, and further scrupulously fulfilled the various duties of politeness towards the wives of the Republican officials, who felt a little awkward with her, and did not show particularly good taste. Thus the wife of the Prefect once said to a friend, "Oh! I have not yet seen Madame A— or Madame B—, but the wife of the Colonel commanding the 12th Chasseurs (i.e., the Duchess) has just left." The Duke and Duchess's house was very simply furnished. The Duke's study was on the ground floor, and the walls were hung thickly with photographs and pictures of the Orleans family. In the centre of the room was a large table always covered with Paris newspapers.

THE LENTEN SEASON IN PARIS gives fair Gallic devotees some trouble to combine piety with worldly pleasures in suitable proportion. Thus no balls or large receptions are orthodox, but dinner-parties and small At-homes are perfectly legitimate, although the dinner-table must not be ornamented with flowers, and a considerable amount of "maigre" must be introduced into the menu. So hostesses indulge in the most varied and expensive kinds of fish, and deck their table with long ivy garlands, and leafy plants without any blossoms. Young girls may employ their Lenten days by practising the minuet or drawing-room comedies in readiness for Easter gaieties, and may entertain their friends at a modest lunch, where the favourite menu consists of shrimp rissoles, caviare on bread-and-butter and plum cake, washed down by tea or a little weak sherry and water. Part of each day must be spent in church, where modest and sombre toilettes should be worn, such as the "Quakeress," which as its name implies is simple in the extreme, with its long pleated skirt, "à la religieuse." A touch of mundane coquetry is permitted in the tiny bouquet of real violets on the muff, and fastening the bonnet-strings.

THE FLOODS OF 1883 will certainly give the year a bad name for some time to come, and the accounts of the inundations both from England, the Continent, and the United States are alike one long tale of misery. A melancholy picture of distress in Ohio and Illinois is furnished by the *New York Herald*, which states that the floods threatened to exceed the worst ever known in the neighbourhood. In Cincinnati business was at a standstill, the utmost distress prevailing, and some 15,000 people were prisoners in their homes, while in some of the streets the waters were deep enough to float a large river steamer. All along the Ohio river comes the same tale, but perhaps the worst distress is at Lawrenceburg, eighteen miles lower down, where the water is 4 ft. deep at the lowest point, and the city is completely isolated from road or rail. The telegraph is useless, and the only communication is by boats and by the telephone, so that the operator of the latter sticks to his office, and moves his instruments higher and higher as the water rises till at last he sits on a platform of tables, set on other tables, and weighted down with pig iron, his head nearly touching the ceiling. The cry is for bread, particularly in the poorer districts, where families are crowded together. One room holds fifteen people, who have only had one scanty meal in twenty-four hours. In Newport people take refuge in the churches, and lights are scarce, while in Cincinnati the price of oil is going up enormously. Here some 30,000 workmen are thrown out by the floods, and provisions are beginning to become exceedingly dear. One curious feature is the small loss of life, though other points of the river do not enjoy the same immunity, particularly near Louisville, Kentucky, where a dam broke and drove crowds from their homes in the dead of night.



"The prisoners did not appear to have lost the smallest degree of their wonted good spirits. They jostled each other about in the most good-humoured manner in order to get a position in front of the dock, or at least close to some particular 'chum' or companion. Their greetings were apparently as effusive and hearty as ever. They had, however, scarcely settled into their places and looked round the court, before their self-possession gave place to very different feelings. Treading almost on their heels, and walking in a hurried and excited manner, came James Carey, representative for Trinity Ward in the Municipal Council of Dublin, master-builder, and self-constituted exponent of the rights and wrongs of working men, now about to appear in the character of an approver. Surprise, indignation, scorn, and disgust swept over the prisoners' faces as they glanced with indignant scorn at the man who had once been their guide and leader."—From the "Standard," Feb. 19, 1883.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN—THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF JAMES CAREY AS AN APPROVER IN KILMAINHAM COURT-HOUSE



POLITICS this week have been somewhat thrown into the shade by the festivities in honour of the Silver Wedding of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany. Berlin has been thronged with all the chief Princes of the Empire, the King and Queen of Saxony, and a host of distinguished foreign guests, such as the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, the Duke of Genoa, and the Count and Countess of Flanders. The festivities began on Saturday by a reception by the Prince and Princess of various deputations bearing congratulatory addresses. The Prince of Wales reached Berlin on Sunday night, being received at the station by the Imperial Prince and Princess. Next day he received a deputation from the Blücher Hussars, of whom he has recently been appointed colonel, and in token of which the Imperial Prince has presented him with a handsome sabre from the Hohenzollern Museum. The Prince of Wales has earned no little popularity in Berlin by his courtesy in sending an aide-de-camp to Princess Bismarck with a message that her son, Count Bismarck, who had seen him off in London, was in good health. On Monday evening there was a dress rehearsal of the much-talked-of costume ball, at which the Empress, whose health did not permit her to take part in the actual festivities, was present, and on Tuesday the Imperial Prince and Princess held a reception at the Old Schloss, in order to receive the congratulations of the Court, the Diplomatic Body, the official world, a host of other dignitaries, and deputations from various provincial bodies, who brought with them innumerable illuminated addresses and costly floral bouquets. The Imperial Prince wore wedding favours in his epaulettes, and the Princess a bridal dress of white satin, the train of which was borne by pages.

On Wednesday the *pièce de résistance* of the festivities took place—the Court Costume Ball—a gorgeous pageant, which has been engaging the attention of courtiers and costumiers for many months. It was held in the White Saloon of the Schloss, before the Imperial Prince and Princess, the latter wearing a white damask dress, with a coronet of diamonds, and a broad riband across her shoulder, in which were woven the colours of the various Orders which she possesses. The Prince wore the White Pomeranian Cuirassier uniform. The Emperor, who wore the uniform of the Body Guard, sat with the Queen of Saxony on their left, the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh coming next. On the right of the Prince and Princess sat the King of Saxony, with the Grand Duchess of Baden. The spectacle began with the entrance of a body of heralds, one of whom, Herr Von Hülsen, the son of the Director-General of the Royal Theatres, read a short poem in honour of the occasion. Then came a procession in the costume of the Court of Frederick III., who was personated by the Grand Duke of Baden, the Princess Frederick Charles taking the part of his spouse, Eleanor of Portugal. With them came a troupe of those well-known troubadours of old Germany, the Minnesingers, headed by the Queen of Love (the Princess William of Germany), around whom her minstrels and maidens tripped through the intricacies of a "Minne" dance. This over, way was made for the Old English Procession, which depicted the Court of good Queen Bess (the Countess Odo zu Stolberg-Wernigerode). This was a really magnificent procession, and the Old English quadrille, which had been organised by Lady Amptill, was danced with admirable grace and precision. An old German quadrille followed, and then entered a procession of artists, one of whom, Her Dielitz, spoke a few congratulatory words to the newly (silver) wedded pair. The pageant was brought to a close by the Queen of Love presenting the Imperial Princess with a silver bouquet. Throughout the day Berlin kept high festival, and at night the streets were brilliantly illuminated.

This has been a delightfully quiet week for FRANCE, and at present M. Jules Ferry and his new Cabinet are having an unusually peaceful time. The former read the Ministerial profession of faith to the Chamber last week, announcing that he intended to put the law of 1834 in force and remove the Orleans Princes from their military commands, and enumerating the various measures, chief amongst which are the Magistracy, Municipality, and Army Bills. On Saturday the Cabinet had its first trial of strength, and gained a double victory over their chief opponents, the Bonapartists, by large majorities—the Deputies in the second case approving the Ministerial action with regard to the Princes by 376 votes against 101. The *modus operandi* of "removing" the Princes was as follows. The Minister of War reported to M. Grévy that public opinion had been aroused to the inconvenience of the retention in the army of officers forming part of families which have reigned over France, and, moreover, declared that "the great principles of military subordination and of unity of discipline might be impaired through the presence at the head of the troops of officers whose birth has placed them in an exceptional position." Accordingly, General Thibaudin proposed through the laws already existing, to place in non-activity M. d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, General of Division, M. d'Orleans, Duc de Chartres, Colonel of the 12th Regiment of Chasseurs, and M. d'Orleans, Duc d'Alençon, Captain in the 12th Regiment of Artillery. A decree in compliance with this request was duly signed by M. Grévy, but it is curious to note that, considering that this step is wholly due to the stir made by Prince Napoléon's manifesto, his son, Prince Victor, a far more likely pretender than the Orleansist Princes, is left to enjoy his lieutenantcy in peace. Rumour, however, says that Prince Napoléon intends to transfer his sons to the Italian Army, and that Prince Victor will be placed on the staff of his uncle, King Humbert.

Having obtained the decree, the Ministry lost no time in carrying it into effect. The Duc d'Aumale, being on the retired list, was merely notified by an aide-de-camp, but the Duc de Chartres, who was commanding his regiment at Rouen, was knocked up at 2 A.M. to receive it from the hands of General Comat, who had been despatched post haste from Paris. The Duke at once obeyed, issued a general order to his regiment, reminding his comrades that they had served five years together, that he had been by their side at Solferino and in the Army of the Loire, and promising that "he would be there next time." Another was especially addressed to the officers, in which, while regretting the harshness with which he has been suddenly visited, he urged them not to allow politics to interfere with their duty, and forbade them, as a "last act of command," to accompany him to the railway station. After making the usual farewell calls to various dignitaries, and leaving 400l. with the Archbishop for the poor, the Duc and his wife left for Paris. His brother officers, however, though forbidden to see him off at the Rouen station, galloped to the first station at which the train stopped, and drew up in line outside the palings, in order to give him a farewell salute. General sympathy is expressed with the Princes by their brother officers, and the Duc d'Alençon's comrades wished to give him a farewell punch—as, indeed, is the general custom on an officer leaving the regiment; but the Colonel declined to allow this, unless by the consent of the Minister of War.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement that M. de Brazza is to be supplied from the War Office, for the defence of his stations on the Congo, with some 8,000 muskets, 20,000 uniforms,

100,000 kilogrammes of powder, 10,000,000 caps, 200 tents, and 1,000 hatchets. Moreover a complete company of Algerian tirailleurs is to accompany him to the Congo, and the explorer is further to be supplied with a small vessel which can be taken to pieces. M. de Brazza—or rather Lieutenant de Brazza, for he has now received a commission in the French army—is to start next week. It will be interesting to see what Mr. H. M. Stanley has to say when this little expedition arrives at its destination. It certainly more resembles a military invasion than the mere taking possession of a tract of territory ceded to France by a peaceably-obtained treaty. Other topics have been the verdict in the case of the Montrouge marriages, by which, owing to an informality on the part of the officials, a number of marriages have been rendered invalid, though the children are to be considered legitimate; the discussion of the Municipality Bill in the Chamber, which has aroused the wrath of the clerical authorities by transferring the civil burial fees from the Church authorities to the Municipality; and the statements of M. Delisle, chief of the National Library, with regard to the Ashburnham Collection of Manuscripts, which the present owner has offered for sale to the British Museum. The majority of the MS. were bought by the late Lord Ashburnham of Libri in 1847, and of Barrois in 1849, and it is asserted that they were, for the most part, stolen from the various national libraries of France—Libri, as Inspector-General of Libraries, having especial opportunities for abstracting them without being detected. M. Delisle, going carefully through the catalogue, points out a number which, according to his opinion, were taken from Tours, Orleans, and Lyons—notes being added in Italian on the margin in order to make it appear that they had come from Italy. Indeed, one manuscript had already been returned by Lord Ashburnham to Lyons as having manifestly been stolen. "There is here a question of good faith," concluded M. Delisle, "which ought to be closely investigated, and the solution of which interests England as much as France." The visit of Mr. Gladstone to Paris and the arrest of Mr. Frank Byrne are treated in another column.

IN ITALY universal regret is being expressed at the supercession of Sir Augustus Paget as British ambassador, as he is most popular both in Court and diplomatic as well as in social circles. On Sunday evening the first Pullman train arrived at Rome direct from Calais, whence it started at 3 P.M. on the previous Friday, thus accomplishing fourteen hundred miles in a little over two days. There were three cars, each containing sleeping accommodation for thirty-two persons. Considerable excitement was caused on Tuesday evening by the explosion of a paper bomb charged with powder which had been thrown into the courtyard of the Palazzo Chigi, the residence of the Austrian Embassy, two other bombs being thrown at the same time—one in front of the Austrian Embassy to the Vatican, and the other before the Quirinal Palace. The Tripoli difficulty has been tided over by the Governor-General having paid an official visit to the Italian Consul, and expressed his regret for the insult offered to the Consulate.

The agitation in INDIA against the proposed Native Magistracy Bill has caused the postponement of the motion in Council to refer it to a Select Committee, but the excitement amongst the Europeans is growing more and more intense. The Bengal Chamber of Commerce unanimously passed a vote declaring their unqualified disapproval of the measure, and decided to confer with the Bombay and Madras Chambers, with a view to taking united action. An influential meeting has been held at Madras, which resolved that the "Bill demands the concerted opposition of the European community throughout British India, as being an unnecessary sacrifice to ideal legislation of a highly-prized right, and as tending seriously to check the introduction of European capital into India." In Assam and Behar and numerous other districts the planters are vigorously protesting against the measure. In the face of such determined and universal opposition it is doubtful whether the Government will insist upon the introduction of the Bill. Meanwhile the natives themselves are highly delighted at such a proposition, and with various other advantages which Lord Ripon seems disposed to accord to them, and at a great meeting held at Bombay one speaker eulogised the Viceroy as the "Saviour of India."

The Ameer of AFGHANISTAN is once more asking to be allowed to visit India. He is said to have now abandoned the notion of a Russian alliance, British influence being once again predominant. The Ameer, who remains at Jellalabad, is reported to be very unpopular in Cabul, where, however, everything is quiet, and the British cemetery is carefully tended; while the *Times* correspondent tells us that the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari has been made the subject of ballads which are sung by the Afghan women, the feeling expressed being always one of lament for a brave warrior.

In the UNITED STATES the revelations at the Dublin trial, the speech of Mr. Parnell, and the demand for P. J. Sheridan's extradition, have been vigorously discussed by journals of all shades. With regard to Mr. Parnell, the *New York Herald* calls for the publication of the Land League accounts, and declares that "he has lost a great opportunity, and allows the League to go forth with a terrible accusation upon it. He refused to clear it from the stain which will blot its whole history." The *New York Times* asserts that Mr. Parnell's attempted defence of himself against Mr. Forster's terrible charges is worse than no defence at all. The *New York Tribune* also thinks that Mr. Parnell's influence in Ireland is seriously impaired "unless the Irish conscience is utterly debauched." As to Mr. Sheridan, that gentleman denies all knowledge of Mr. Carey, and denounces his statements as pure fabrications. He denies that the funds of the League had been used to promote disorder, and declares that he is glad that the British Government have asked for his extradition. "I am anxious to appear in Court to show the world how we are treated in Ireland." He has no fear of being surrendered as "he knows sufficient grounds could not be produced." This, indeed, is the general belief, and while sincere regret is expressed, it is thought that the crimes alleged against the Invincibles and the Land Leaguers are among the political offences designedly excluded from the Extradition Treaty. "England," the *New York Times* exclaims, "may well be irritated to find it so, but she has protected murderers as bloody as those in Kilmainham. Americans may regret that the application of a rule which they approved protects men whom they abhor." The *New York Tribune* is of the same mind, but the *Herald* does not believe that the plea that the assassinations were acts of political revolt, and consequently not murders in the sense of the treaty, will find much favour in the Courts of this country.

Other prominent topics have been the Ohio and Mississippi floods, which are now receding, the terrible weather in the Atlantic, several steamers having arrived in a greatly damaged state, a serious outbreak in the Missouri Penitentiary, Jefferson City, which was only quelled, after some considerable trouble, and after the convicts had fired the prison, an attempt to produce the Passion Play in New York, which was promptly foiled by the police, and the tactics of the Republicans with regard to the Tariff Bill. They have succeeded in getting it referred to a special Conference Committee, composed of five members of each House, and as these are of strongly Protectionist sympathies, the Bill, it is expected, will be very considerably amended, a deduction of 5,000,000l. being made in the inland taxes, but little or no alteration being affected in the Customs' tariff.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM of alarming Anarchist plots. Two Socialists, named Cyvoet and Paul Metayer, were testing some assassination bombs at Ganshorte, near Brussels,

when the bombs exploded, and wounded Metayer mortally. Cyvoet took to flight, but was speedily arrested. The police subsequently visited their rooms, and found letters and papers revealing a vast international Anarchist plot. Further arrests have been made, including an important Socialist named Delsaut, and constant telegrams have been passing between the Brussels, St. Petersburg, and the Paris Governments.—In SPAIN, also, there have been some Anarchist revelations, and 136 members of secret societies have been arrested in Andalusia. The papers seized reveal an extensive organisation amongst the peasantry for the purpose of brigandage, moonlight raids, and wholesale aggressions on flocks, crops, plantations, and farmhouses. The landlords in particular are denounced by the societies, whose organisation, known as the "Black Hand," is attributed to the International. Since these discoveries a band of twenty-one men have destroyed a farm at Puerto Serrano and murdered its occupants.—There is little news from EGYPT, save a petition to Lord Dufferin from the inhabitants of Alexandria against the withdrawal of the British troops.—In TURKEY the chief topic is the appointment of a new Governor to the Lebanon, a somewhat difficult personage to find, as there are so many conflicting interests to be considered.—In RUSSIA measures of severity are again the rule, the *Golos* has once more been suspended, and forty students of the St. Petersburg University have been imprisoned.—From SOUTH AFRICA there is no particular news of interest, save that the disturbances in Pondoland continue.—In PERSIA the Shah has abolished the special tax, which has been levied for centuries upon Zoroastrians, and has also redressed other minor grievances and disabilities. Parsees are now on a footing of equality with Mussulmans.



THE QUEEN'S twenty-seventh living grandchild was born at Windsor Castle on Sunday—a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Both the Duchess and her baby are going on well, but no salutes have been fired nor bells rung at Windsor in honour of the event, and few visitors have been received at the Castle, so as to ensure quietness for the Duchess, who occupies the Lancaster Tower. Her Majesty on Saturday conferred the Victoria Cross on Lieutenant W. U. M. Edwards, Second Battalion Highland Light Infantry, for his bravery at Tel-el-Kebir, and Princess Christian lunched with the Queen, while the Marquis of Hartington and Canon Duckworth joined the Royal party at dinner. The Princess Beatrice alone attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel on Sunday morning, where Canon Duckworth officiated, while in the evening Sir William Harcourt and the Canon dined with Her Majesty. Sir W. Harcourt and Canon Duckworth left on Monday. Next week the Queen visits town to hold the first Drawing-Room of the season at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, while a second will take place on the following Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Berlin to attend the deferred festivities of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany's Silver Wedding. Before leaving town he visited the Queen at Windsor, and on Saturday morning he attended a meeting of the Standing Trustees of the British Museum, while in the evening he crossed from Calais to Dover, enjoying a fine passage. The Prince is expected home next Friday, in time to keep his wedding day on Saturday, when the anniversary, as last year, will be commemorated by a children's party at Marlborough House. On the 12th the Prince holds another Levée, and among further engagements he will preside at the dinner given by the Marlborough Club to Lord Alcester on his return, and also at the dinner in May in aid of the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road.—The Princess and her daughters returned to Sandringham on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh also are now at Berlin, whence they return next week. A grand ball was given in their honour at the British Embassy at St. Petersburg just before their departure, where the Duke wore the uniform of a Russian admiral. Accompanied by the Grand Duke Nicholas, they left Russia on Monday, reaching Berlin on Wednesday morning.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are enjoying perfect *incognito* at Mentone, where they are staying as Lord and Lady Sussex. They occupy a suite of nine rooms on the ground-floor of the Hotel Bellevue, whence they have a fine view over the Mediterranean, with Bordighera in the distance to the right, the port of Mentone to the left, and the mountain La Berceau close behind. Generally they spend the mornings playing lawn tennis in the grounds, and drive and walk in the afternoon to neighbouring places of interest. Thus on Saturday they visited Mr. Hanbury's villa at La Mortola, an Italian village a short distance off, and on Sunday called on the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.—Princess Christian on Tuesday presided at another meeting of the Ladies' Committee in aid of the sufferers by the recent floods in Germany.—The Duke of Albany, on April 23rd, will lay the foundation-stone of the new building of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution.

The King and Queen of the Belgians will probably shortly visit Mentone for the King's health, although King Leopold is now much better, and can ride out again.—The marriage of the King of Spain's third sister, the Infanta Maria della Paz, with Prince Louis of Bavaria, will take place at Madrid on April 3rd.



ARRANGEMENTS for the civic reception of the new Primate have now been completed. His Grace will arrive at the South Eastern Railway Station at half-past three on the 28th, by special train, and will be there received by the Dean, the Vice-Dean, the Town Clerk, the Sheriff, two Aldermen, and a Guard of Honour of the local Volunteers. From the station he will proceed to the Guildhall, where the Mayor and Corporation will be in readiness to present an address of welcome and congratulation. On the evening of the 29th the ancient Westgate towers will be illuminated.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4, has been chosen by the Bishop of St. Alban's, in a letter addressed to his Archdeacons, as a day of prayer and supplication throughout the whole of his Diocese for relief from "the immoderate plague of waters," and a return of "the fertilising warmth of sunshine." A circular letter has also been issued by the President of the Wesleyan Conference, recommending united prayer on the part of the Methodist Church that "God may grant a season of fine weather, so that the seed may be committed to the soil."

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, will be closed on and after Monday next by order of the Dean until the building of the new organ has been completed. The work, it is hoped, will be finished before Easter.

THREE STAGES, 90 feet high, have been erected under the Central Tower of Peterborough Cathedral, on two of which the legs of the crane will rest, while the third and largest will support the hoist.

A tramway has been laid down to the enclosed portion of the minister graveyard, where the stones of the tower will be deposited as they are taken down. The first of a series of diocesan meetings in connection with the repairs was held on Wednesday, under the presidency of Earl Fitzwilliam. The amount required is 55,000*l.*, towards which 11,000*l.* have now been promised.

A DESERVED REBUKE has been administered by Lord Derby to Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Colombo, for abusing his privilege of franking letters to employ an envelope on "Her Majesty's Service" for a missive full of concentrated wrath against the unfortunate master of a Gospel Propagation Society School, who had presumed to wed the daughter of a Wesleyan Minister in a Wesleyan Chapel, and, guessing probably the fate in store for him, had invited the Bishop to be a wedding guest. The privilege of sending letters free by post will henceforth, so his lordship rules, be confined to officials under the direct control of Government, and from this privileged list the name of Dr. Coplestone will (by order) be rigidly excluded.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY brought to a close last Saturday a five days' mission in Leicester. The interest taken in the services was so great that the Skating Rink, which can hold 6,000 seated, was filled each day before the proceedings commenced, and it was necessary to hold overflow meetings in the Temperance Hall, which was also crowded.

REGENT'S PARK CHAPEL on Monday last was the scene of an interesting meeting, where Dr. Landels, who has accepted the pastorate of the chief Baptist Church in Edinburgh, bade farewell to the congregation whose minister he has been for twenty-eight years—ever since, indeed, the building of the chapel on the site of the old Regent's Park Diorama. 100,000*l.* have been collected there during his pastorate, mainly for works of "Christian beneficence outside the Church." A cheque for 200 guineas was presented to Dr. Landels as a parting gift, a more substantial testimonial of 1,000 guineas having been given five years before.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of some "barracks" at Monkwearmouth was laid this week by "General" Booth, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. "The business," Mr. Booth said, "of the Army was to make everybody think and talk about salvation."—The first detachment of the African contingent has landed at the Cape, and will commence operations in a few days. The trial of the nineteen Salvationists arrested at Bombay has been adjourned to give time for counsel to arrive from Calcutta.—Meetings continue to be held under the direction of "Colonel" Clibborn and Miss Booth on the Geneva frontier, and it is now said that the order for the expulsion of Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth will be rescinded, though that against Salvation meetings will remain in force. The protest of the British Minister, it should be said, was made upon the ground that the police have no power to withdraw a *permis de séjour* for any cause without preliminary inquiry and the sanction of the Council of State.—Speaking on Tuesday at Regent's Hall, Oxford Street, Mrs. Booth declared "with respect to the fears and opinions of Mr. Charlesworth that she would leave God and time to answer them." Meanwhile she reminds friends of the army that by investing their money in the way recently suggested by the "General" they will at once "give their capital to the Lord," and secure "a good and certain interest."

THE RIGHT REV. G. H. INGRAM, the new Bishop of Sierra Leone, was consecrated on St. Matthias' Day, in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London, St. David's, Rochester, and Antigua, and Bishop Cheetham, his predecessor in the see from 1870 to 1882.

THE DEAN OF ABERDEEN has appointed the 29th of March for the election of a successor to the late Bishop Suther.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert-giving season is once again, as the late and much-to-be-regretted Jules Janin used to say, "*en pleine fête*." Now is the legitimate time for those who love music for itself, and who believe what our most eminent critic, Mr. Joseph Bennett, tells us—that the "pure delight of music is abstracted entirely from mundane things, partaking in no measure of their imperfections and grossness"—thus emphatically upsetting the absurd and impossible theory of Richard Wagner and his very staunch apostles, who, now that he has gone from among us, may whistle for themselves as best they can. Joseph Joachim has returned to occupy a post, which no one has filled so brilliantly and with such well-sustained devotion to the art of which he, in a legitimate sense, is the sternest and most uncompromising upholder. No wonder that St. James's Hall was crowded; the wonder would be had not that have been the case. Herr Joachim's reception on Monday night was enthusiastic, and his performances during the evening sufficed to prove that enthusiasm here was enthusiasm excited by an object worthy of such a demonstration. In fact, as an intellectual interpreter of great "tone-poems" (the phrase is now more or less generally accepted), Joseph Joachim holds a place apart. This was, not for the first time by very many, shown in the sympathetic and masterly way in which he led the E minor quartet of Beethoven, not the least imposing of the celebrated set dedicated to Prince Rasowowski, and in his magnificent rendering of J. S. Bach's Chaconne—the twenty-seventh performance, it is worth noting, at the "Popular Concerts," which, with deference to those who believing that the reign of the "grand old master" is over—"drowned, frozen, dead for ever," as Shelley, had he entertained any such abhorrent conviction, might have said—proves simply that what is once good must be ever good. How otherwise account for the silent and deeply-felt interest while the player gave eloquent meaning to variations, all so congenial while (*pace* the Wagnerites) so "dramatically significant," and the unanimous outburst of applause at the conclusion? A genuine triumph of art; "productive and reproductive," as Wagner once said to Wilhelm, who had just played the very same piece at Wahnfried Villa, in Bayreuth, where the composer of the *Ring des Nibelungen* habitually resided—is the simple and only logical explanation. Herr Joachim also joined Mlle. Marie Krebs, the pianist, whose unexpected return to our London concert-rooms has been greeted with such cordial unanimity, in the first of Spohr's trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, the violoncello part being sustained by Signor Piatti, as is customary with this rare artist, with a perfection leaving nothing to desire. Mlle. Krebs also played three sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti with her usual brilliant facility; and Mr. Edward Lloyd, upon whose excellence as a concert-vocalist it would be superfluous to dwell, gave Signor Piatti's charming serenade, "Awake, Awake" (the composer himself playing the *obbligato* accompaniment on the violoncello), and Mendelssohn's expressive song, "The Garland" (*simplex munditiis*), in his best style. At the next Monday concert, Herr Joachim will lead the new quintet (in F major), the latest important composition of his friend and brother-in-arms, Johannes Brahms, whose Trio in C major, introduced but recently by Mr. Chappell, somewhat disappointed expectations, which the quintet, from all we know of it, is likely to revive. Homer nodded occasionally; so does by force of circumstance Johannes Brahms; but when awake in full possession of his faculties, he was Homer himself again, and strode his

war-horse ("Pegasus," if you like) as of yore; why not the same with Herr Brahms? When Beethoven was in a dull mood he impressed his hearers with his dulness,—but that is not given to all men.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The entertainment on Wednesday evening consisted chiefly of Old English Ballads. Miss Thudichum's lovely voice was heard to great advantage in Haydn's "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair." Miss Mary Davies sang "The Well of St. Keyne" with her accustomed archness. Kelly's "When Pensive I Thought of My Love" was rendered to perfection by Mr. Edward Lloyd; while Mr. Barrington Foote earned an *encore* by his excellent delivery of Swinburne's impassioned words, "Ask Me No More," wedded to Marzials' pretty melody. Altogether, with Mesdames Norman-Néruda and Sophie Menter as instrumentalists, and the capital part-songs of the South London Choralists, the programme was very attractive.—Next Wednesday's concert will be the last of the season.



THE TURF.—The present has been almost a blank week as regards racing, a couple of days at the end of it at Manchester being the whole bill of fare.—Yet another death to record of a Turf magnate in the person of Mr. W. Stirling Crawford, the husband of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose. He has been in bad health for some years, but up to the end took a great interest in his stud. He has been one of the largest owners of thoroughbreds on the Turf during the present generation, and his first win dates as far back as 1858, when the "all scarlet" was carried by Father Mathew in a match against Mr. Lesley's Wootton. Among the many important victories of his horses of late years may be mentioned Moslem's division of the Two Thousand with Formosa in 1868, and Gang Forward's winning it outright in 1873. Sefton's Derby five years later, Thebais's Oaks in 1881, and Corrie Roy's Cesarewitch last year. By Mr. Crawford's death the nominations for an immense number of horses for important and other events become void, including those of Macheath, the prominent Two Thousand and Derby favourite. Last year Mr. Crawford was at the top of the list of "Winning Owners," with 25,000*l.*; but the subscriptions to the stakes rendered void by his death amount to close on 30,000*l.*, though this covers the entries for three years to come. When the expenses of purchase of stock, training, and running horses is added to this, and done in the liberal fashion of Mr. Crawford, it can be well understood that even great success will not in many cases cover the outlay. It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Crawford bought Isonomy for 9,000 guineas. By the way, the entry of his horse Energy for the Derby having been made by his breeder, it will not be void. By the way, too, as Edelweiss, who was in the Lincolnshire Handicap, died just before his owner, his backers will have to pay their money.—Beau Brummel, by the disqualification of Macheath, has advanced to 7 to 1 for the Derby, for which the names St. Blaise, Winchester, and Export have recently figured in the "price current." Eau de Vie and Lowland Chief still head the quotations for the Grand National and Lincolnshire Handicap respectively.—Woodbrook, the well-known Irish steeplechaser, has died suddenly at Newmarket.

COURSING.—All the coursing world, we may say in both hemispheres, knew before Friday night in last week that Wild Mint, owned by W. Osborne, the well-known horse-trainer at Ashgill, and nominated by Mr. Alexander, the Irish courser, and owner of Alec Halliday, had won the Waterloo Cup, and that last year's winner, Snowflight, contested with her the final course. It was, unfortunately, not a satisfactory slip, and hardly such a course as one would wish to have seen for the decider of such an important event; but under the circumstances the verdict of the judge cannot be questioned. It is worthy of note that Mr. Alexander not long ago returned his nomination to the Committee, but they refused to accept it, and it was only at the last moment that Wild Mint was secured to run for him. On the night of the "draw" 1,000 to 8 was laid against her several times, while Snowflight was backed at as little as 8 to 1; and for the deciding course 3 to 1 was laid on her. But though a rank outsider won, the favourites were fairly in the hunt all through, Waterford, Spic and Span, Witchery, and Snowflight being left in the last eight. Wild Mint has been by no means a grand performer, and was held to be much inferior to her kennel companion, Waterford. The defeat of Snowflight is thoroughly appreciated by the coursing public who look to the honour of the sport, and the doings connected with this animal will probably hasten the day when nominators will have to name their dogs at least some considerable time before the meeting.

ANGLING.—Regret has been expressed that there are no grayling in the Thames, and the inquiry made whether they would not live in it. The experiment of "naturalising" them there has been made more than once, and also in the River Lea above Hertford. But in both waters they gradually dwindled away, till in a few years hardly could it be said "here and there a grayling" was to be seen. They are a very capricious fish as to their habitats.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Accounts have come to hand that at Louisville, on the 22nd of last month, in a match for 200*l.*, Dr. Carver beat Captain Bogardus, but by one bird only, the score being 83 and 82 out of 100.—As regards pigeon-shooting in this country, it seems to be understood that Mr. Anderson's Bill, now before Parliament, for abolishing the present method of pursuing it will meet with no substantial opposition.

FOOTBALL.—In the Association Cup contest Blackburn Olympic have beaten the Druids.—At the Oval, after a splendid and even game (Association), Cambridge beat Oxford on Saturday last by three goals to two. The "passing" of Oxford was remarkably good, but all round the Cambridge was slightly the better team. Mr. C. Kemp, the Oxford cricketer, played for the Dark Blues, but it seems almost a pity that so good a man for summer work on the green sward should risk his valuable limbs at football, good game though it be. However, he is only following Mr. Hornby's example.—England has made a sorry example of Ireland (another grievance!) in an Association game at Liverpool, beating the unhappy island by seven goals to *nil*.—At the Oval, Association-wise, Queen's Park, Glasgow, has beaten the Old Cartusians.—Football flourishes even in Egypt, and in a Rugby game the Navy has beaten Port Said.

ATHLETICS.—The South London Harriers have had a very successful open steeplechase, in which a more representative number of long-distance athletes took part than in any event at a Metropolitan meeting. Out of 101 entries no less than 77 came to the post. The feature of the race was the grand running of the champion, W. G. George, who, though he could get no nearer than seventh, beat the previous "best" over the course by thirty-eight seconds, and so won the medal for the fastest time. Bennett won the race by thirty yards, and Travers beat Weston for the second place by a bare yard.—At Eton, Nicholls has won the School Mile Race, with Cave second and Lord Apsley third; and Gosling the Junior Mile, with Bancroft and Micklethwaite behind him.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford crew is still at Taplow, comfortably housed by Mr. Grenfell, but they have experienced some discomfort from the great rapidity of the stream. The Cambridge crew have

now come to the London water. Both seem to have some difficulty in getting a boat to suit them, especially the latter, who are a very heavy crew. The betting, what little there is of it, seems about 2 to 1 on the Dark Blues, but many of the *cognoscenti* say that these odds will be materially lessened when both crews are seen on the London waters.—At Oxford the result of the Torpid races leaves Corpus the head boat, with Brazenose second. Christchurch with its two boats on made no less than ten "bumps" during the campaign.—The sculling season on the Thames was opened on Monday last with a match between Gibson of Putney and Bowes of Middlesborough, over the Champion course. Gibson led a considerable part of the way, but Bowes after some very erratic steering overhauled him, and a foul took place opposite Thorney Crofts, and again later on. Gibson got home first by half a length, but the race was awarded to Bowes.—G. Lee, the American, now in this country, has offered to make a match with any English sculler resident here.

LACROSSE.—Among recent matches may be mentioned those in which South Manchester beat Rock Ferry (return) with great ease; in which London beat Friar Park (Henley), but could only make a draw with the Leys (Cambridge); and Cambridge beat Dulwich, which latter has also been defeated by Clapton.

SWIMMING.—W. Beckwith has again challenged to swim any man in the world from one mile upwards, but the match must come off before the 1st of May, when with his father and sister Agnes he sails for America.

THE LIMITED SPACE devoted to "Pastimes" in our columns necessarily precludes us from entering into particulars of a grand double-handed match at "Tip-it" at Westmore, near Newcastle, and of thrilling contests at "Corks," "Knurr and Spell," "Bottle Carrying," "Stone Picking," and "Coddam," and of other competitions which would come under the head of "Sports and Pastimes," recently reported in the columns of our sporting contemporaries. It is evident that there is great activity just now in the athletic, recreational, and competition world, from "The Sport of Kings" down to "pitch-and-toss."



A LITTLE drama by Mr. Charles Reade, founded on a French vaudeville, and originally known as *Art*, was revived by Miss Genevieve Ward at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday afternoon, under the new title of *Nance Oldfield*. Its heroine, as will be inferred, is the famous Anne Oldfield, that charming woman and accomplished actress to whose fascinations Colley Cibber has in a well-known passage rendered immortal homage; and the little piece sets forth a dramatic anecdote in which she is on this occasion supposed to be the leading personage. We say "on this occasion," for the story of Anne Oldfield has been treated by several dramatists, who have chosen different heroines or heroes, and introduced modifications more or less unimportant. It sets forth the generous conduct of the fascinating lady in aiding an unhappy father to cure a stage-struck son of a romantic attachment, of which the lady herself has been unwittingly the object. This is, of course, most readily to be achieved by feigning a character and manner as repulsive as the art of the actress can enable her to assume. In Mr. Reade's play, as in the French piece on which it is founded, the experiment is so far successful that it drives the young gentleman to despair of so alarming a character that the father is glad to return and entreat his fair confederate to re-enchant the love-sick youth. In this process, so seductive are the arts and blandishments of Mistress Oldfield, that she even captivates the stern old father, who ends by confessing himself a convert to her charms. Such a part obviously demands special gifts, which would render it a trying one even for the most bewitching of actresses. Miss Ward, we fear, must be held to have fallen short of the standard of an ideally perfect representative of the coquettish Narcissa of Pope's rather cruel satire; but she acts, nevertheless, with much spirit, and gives to the abrupt transitions of style which the story demands a high degree of dramatic finish.

The new custom of "actors' days"—that is, of giving special *matinées* to which the dramatic profession only are invited—was observed by Mr. Wilson Barrett on Tuesday last, when one of the largest of professional audiences ever assembled witnessed the performance of Messrs. Jones and Herman's fine romantic play of *The Silver King* at the PRINCESS'S Theatre. Nearly every performer of note in London was present, and even the humblest folk who labour in mechanical ways behind the curtain enjoyed the privilege of seats in the unreserved part of the house. Now that the leading members of the profession have lent their countenance to this pleasing interchange of courtesies, there can be little doubt that it will become a permanent institution among us.

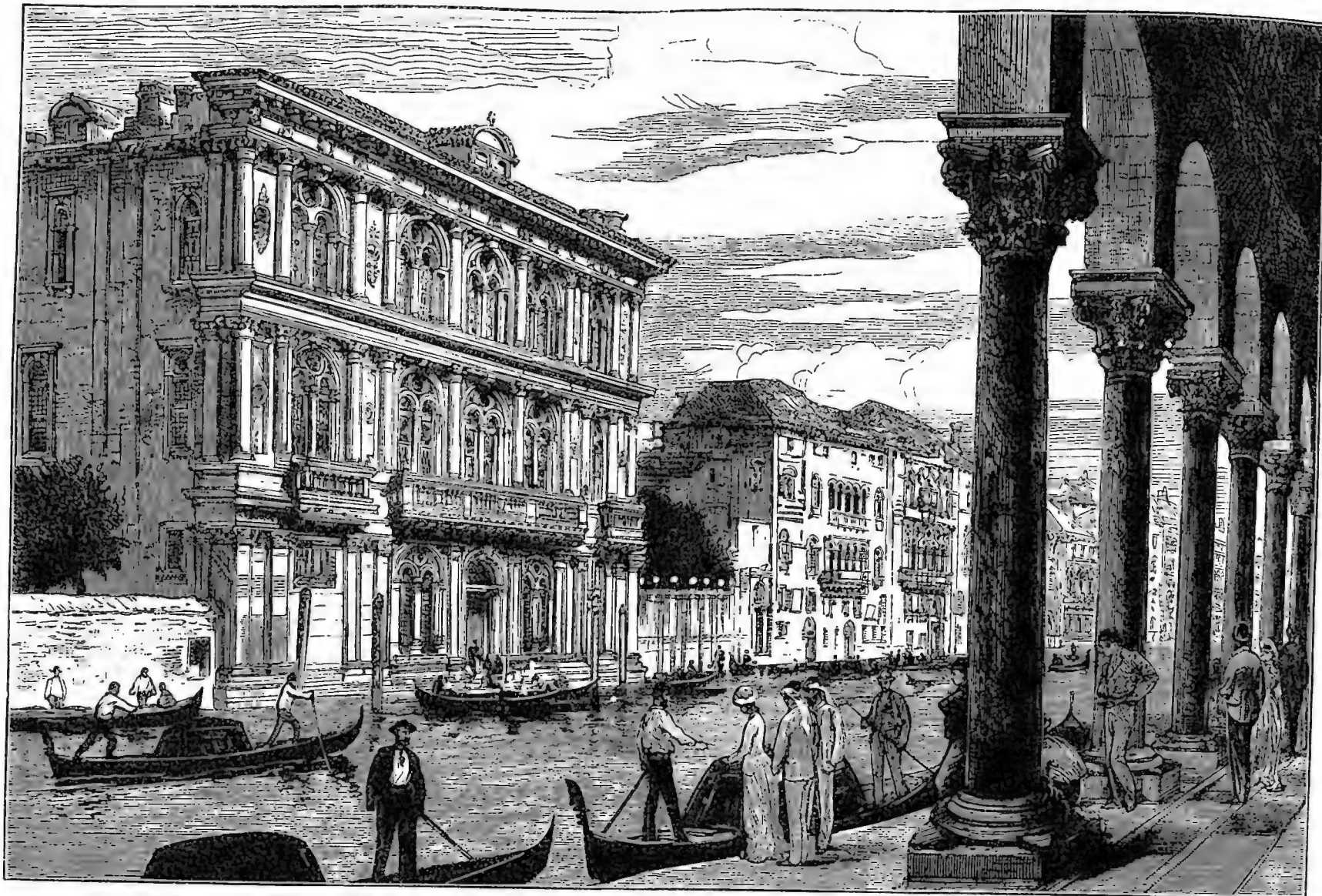
Mrs. Kendal has given two readings of *As You Like It* before the new "School of Dramatic Art," accompanying her lecture by observations on the characters, and on the mode in which they should be acted. Assuredly no living actress has devoted a more successful study to the character of Rosalind—certainly no Rosalind in these latter days has invested that delightful creation of the poem with a more poetical charm. The pupils of the School may well be congratulated when such an instructor gives in this form a practical proof of her sympathy with the institution.

The new ALHAMBRA Theatre is expected to cost a great deal more than the sum—27,000*l.*—originally estimated. It will, it is hoped, be complete in time to open before Christmas with a new spectacular fairy piece, of which the book is written by Mr. G. R. Sims and the music composed by Mr. F. Clay.

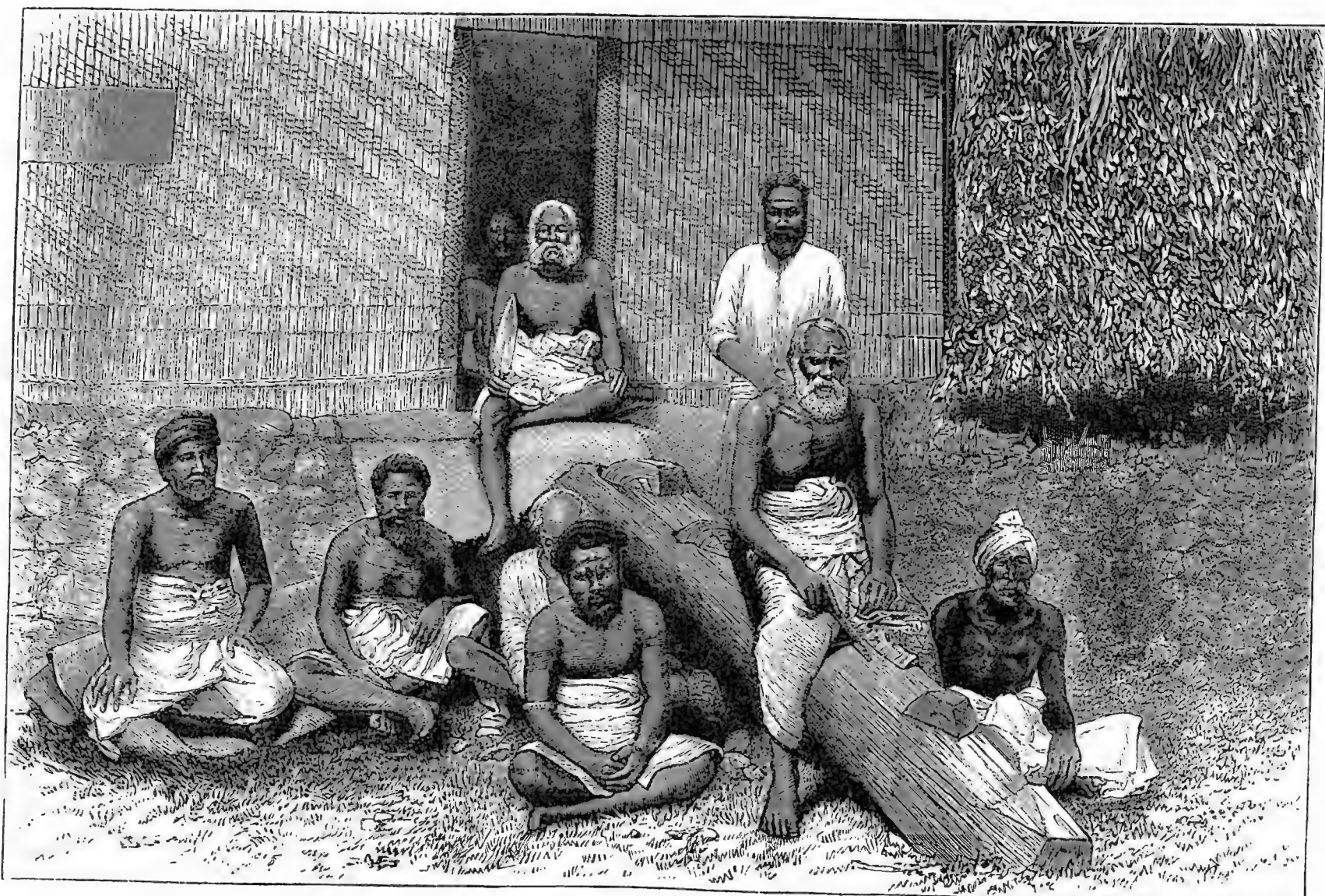
The new play by Mr. Walter Frith, son of the Royal Academician, the announcement of which has brought forth a protest from Mr. Bancroft, is to be produced at the GAIETY under the direction of Mr. Henry Elmore, of Toole's Theatre, on Thursday afternoon next, under the title of *Ensnared*. It is founded to some extent on M. Belot's gloomy drama, *Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix*, which is admitted to bear a resemblance to M. Sardou's *Eldora*, of which an English version is preparing for production at the Haymarket.

The new comic opera *Les Droits d'Aïnesse*, by Chassaigne, now being performed with great success at the Paris Nouveautés, and shortly to be produced in Brussels, has been secured for this country by Mr. Alfred Hays, the librarian. It will probably be produced here early in the summer under the stage direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie.

The revival of *Uncle Dick's Darling* at TOOLE'S Theatre serves to remind us of the changes that have come about since Mr. Byron's interesting domestic drama was brought out at the GAIETY thirteen years ago. Death has unhappily removed from our midst, in the very prime of her career, Miss Neilson, who played so touchingly and forcibly the part of Mary Belton. Mr. Irving, whose impersonation of Mr. Chevenix created a curious impression of quaint characterisation and subdued power, had then still to gain the grand position which he now occupies. Mr. Clayton, who appeared in the part of the blacksmith lover, was at that period a young actor who, in spite of some noteworthy achievements, could hardly be said to be distinguished. Of the excellent cast by which the play was then interpreted, there remains indeed only one name



THE PALAZZO VENDRAMIN CALERGI, VENICE, WHERE RICHARD WAGNER DIED



THE LATE EX-KING CACOBANU OF FIJI AND HIS SUITE



COLONEL THE RIGHT HON. T. E. TAYLOR, M.P.
Born 1811. Died Feb. 3, 1883



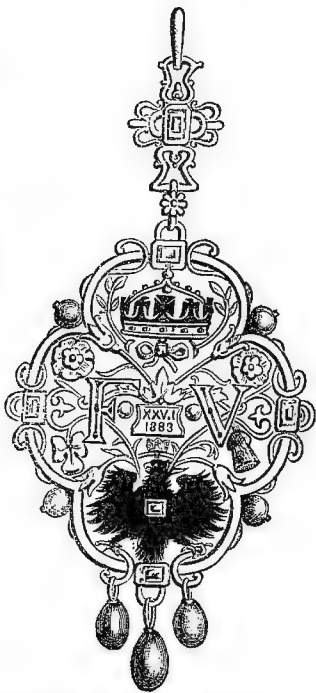
ANNA ELIZA BRAY
Born 1790. Died Jan. 21, 1883



GENERAL W. R. CORFIELD
Died November 30, 1882



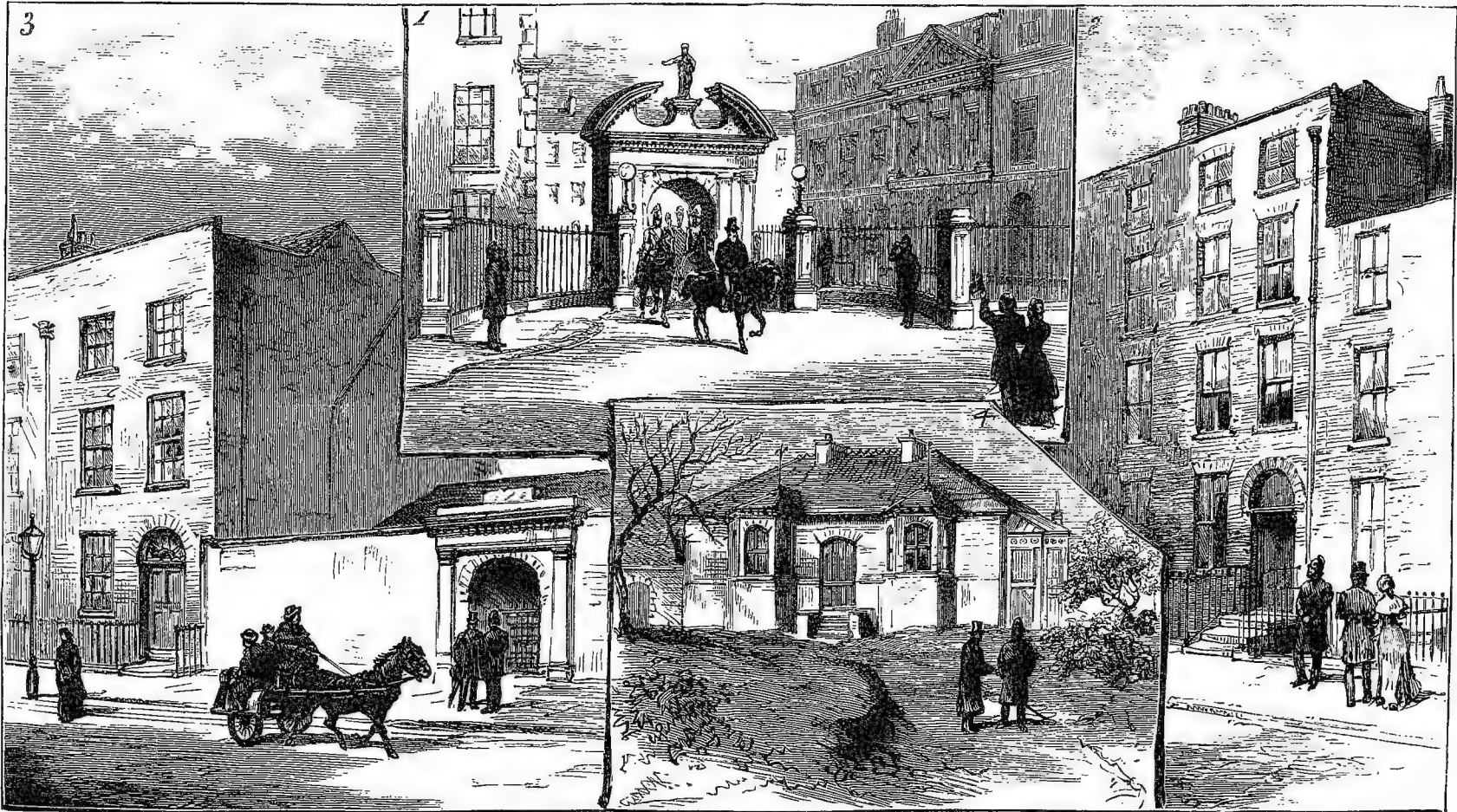
MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE SILVER
WEDDING OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCE AND
PRINCESS OF GERMANY—REVERSE



PENDANT JEWEL DISTRIBUTED ON THE OCCASION
OF THE SILVER WEDDING



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE SILVER
WEDDING OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCE AND
PRINCESS OF GERMANY—OVERSE



1. Corkhill, Where the House Was Taken from which to Assassinate Lord Spencer as He Left the Castle.—2. No. 19A, Denzille Street, the Residence of James Carey.—
3. No. 10, Peter Street, One of the Meeting-places of the Murder League.—4. Rosemount Cottage, Kilmainham, Where the Witnesses are Lodged Under Police Protection.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN

on the programme; but that is in itself a tower of strength. We need hardly say that we refer to Mr. Toole, whose performance of the part of Dick Dolland exhibits unabated power both in its humorous and its tender phases. Altogether the performance is one of considerable merit. Miss Florence West, who succeeds to Miss Neilson's original part, is a young lady who, though hitherto little known, seems likely to take a leading position as a representative of heroines of romantic drama. Her appearance is interesting, and her style natural and forcible. Other characters are effectively sustained by Mr. Elmore, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Billington, and others. The scenery, which is an especially important element in this piece, has been the object of due care; the marvellously sudden change which marks the end of Dick Dolland's long dream is especially striking.

Last Saturday morning a new farce by Mr. Horace Lennard (a young author and journalist of much promise), entitled *Namesakes*, was produced at TOOLE'S Theatre. The little piece was a very good example of its class. It deals with the misadventures of two Colonel Joneses, one a Volunteer colonel and a member of the Junior Tootles Club, while the other is an officer who has seen service, and is a member of the original Tootles. A jealous Mrs. Jones who visits the wrong club, and carries away letters addressed by a lady not to her husband, but to the other Colonel Jones, a Mrs. Newington Butts, engaged to the Volunteer colonel, and a familiar man-servant complete the personages. It need hardly be said that the mistakes and jealousies which at one time threaten serious consequences are happily disposed of before the fall of the curtain. The dialogue is considerably above the average of that attained in similar pieces, the action does not flag for a moment, and the laughter of the audience was frequent and spontaneous. The farce, which was bustlingly played by Mr. Garden, Mr. Westland, and Miss Bella Wallis, has taken its place in the evening bills.

SWORD AND PISTOL

THE duel seems to be seriously threatened with extinction in the land where of all others it has lately been kept up with the greatest ostentation. French "affairs of honour" of the most modern pattern are often enough ridiculous burlesques, in which the combatants, standing off at arms' length, and making nothing worthy of the name of a lunge, do not either expect or wish to do one another any greater harm than inflicting a flesh wound in the arm. Still, there have been several cases, even within the last ten years, where a fatal sword-thrust has been given, either by accident or intention. And as for duels with firearms, even when the pistols are loaded with half charges of powder, it is obvious that a fatal result must be still more likely to occur. It is for this reason—the impossibility of ensuring that a pistol-shot shall not kill the man it hits—that firearms have been generally discarded in France in favour of the small sword, which most rarely puts a duellist's life in real peril.

Notwithstanding all this, an ingenious French writer has just been taking upon himself to teach his countrymen that fighting with the pistol is a more scientific, gentlemanlike, and satisfactory mode of settling quarrels than a combat with cold steel. This gentleman takes up the rather novel ground that proficiency with the pistol is an accomplishment as creditable to the proficient, and as likely to do him honour and give him pleasure, as any skill with the foils. He urges in favour of the now discredited and unfashionable weapon that a man can practice with it more conveniently than with the other. He needs but little instruction to begin with; he requires only a small gallery, or even room, to practice in; he need not pull off his coat, or get into any vulgar heat or excitement over the business; and, finally, he can always do his practice just as well while alone, whereas the fencer requires, at least as often as he can, to have an adversary with whom to measure his weapon. With all this he declares that the satisfaction of being a good shot, and being able to "pick off" the enemy with accuracy, is as great as that of being a clever fencer, and capable of "pinking" the adversary with equal precision. This, it will be observed, is an altogether different line of argument from that which was used in England when the pistol in this country succeeded in superseding the sword. Our own good people imagined, either rightly or wrongly, that in the use of the latter weapon strength, size, and skill had too great an advantage, whereas in a duel with pistols the small, and weak, and inexperienced man was more on a level with his antagonist. The conclusion thus arrived at is open to some considerable question; but it found favour with the Britisher of the Georgian era, and prevailed in full force down to the time of the extinction of duelling in this country.

Were we—or rather were our ancestors—wrong after all? Is the practised pistol shot more assuredly an unfair match for the novice than the most accomplished and muscular swordsman for the least experienced adversary? There is certainly something to be said on both sides; and in the first place as far as bodily strength and size are concerned. It may be asked why it is fairer that a small spare man, who is very difficult to hit, should be allowed to force a Daniel Lambert to go out with pistols, than that a modern Goliath should be entitled to insist upon meeting a youth of moderate dimensions with sword or rapier. Then, as regards skill, there can be no doubt that the *habitué* of shooting galleries who picks off his two dozen wafers a day, and is reasonably cool-headed, can almost make certain of killing an opponent who has had little or no practice. Why is it more fair that this man should profit by the knowledge, or rather the knack, he has acquired, than that the pupil of a clever fencing master should reap the benefit of his lessons in the school of arms? But the chief argument put forward by the partisans of the sword is a little more humane than either of these. It must be obvious to any one that in a duel with pistols the nature of the wound received is dependent almost entirely upon accident. There is probably not a man who in the actual field, standing at the usual distance from his adversary, could make sure of hitting him in a spot where the injury would not be fatal, whereas an expert swordsman who has a decided advantage over his enemy can, without the least difficulty, hit him in a place where the blow will touch no vital part. Now, it may be assumed that very few men go out with the fixed intention of killing their man if they can. However angry they may have been when the challenge was given or received they are seldom so bloodthirsty when it comes to the actual meeting as not to be content with giving a disabling wound. Hence where the disparity of skill and strength is greatest the weaker man runs, as it is argued, a better chance of escaping with his life from a sword thrust than he does from a bullet. The records of duelling, at least in later times, certainly seem to bear out to a large extent this plausible contention. Nor do the more ancient annals really tell a different tale, for in the earlier times men often fought, like Lord Bruce and the Earl of Dorset, *à outrance*, and had the combat been stopped when the first severe wound was received no life would usually have been lost.

As for the risk run by a duellist under the orthodox code of rules, it is much smaller than most persons are inclined to suppose. An expert who had studied the statistics of the business found that, even in the time when pistols were almost exclusively used, the proportion of men who were killed to those who fought was only one in fourteen, and that only one man was even wounded out of about six that went out. A man may, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger said, "have a bullet clean through him," and yet not get his *quintus* thereby; and it is the same with a sword-thrust, even when it strikes the body full, without being impeded or diverted by the sword-arm. It is not always understood by amateurs that in fighting with pistols

there is a good deal of veritable "guarding." The right arm doubled up in front of the body forms a pretty strong shield, while the pistol itself, with its trigger and guard and the fingers holding it, is also a solid defence, protecting the head and neck. The haunch, slightly turned across, protects the vital parts of the lower body, and the left arm and leg are kept quite out of the line of fire, although, if the object of the combatant were to receive a slight, rather than a mortal, wound, he might perhaps with advantage be advised to expose these parts, instead of hiding them behind the body and the right leg.

E. B. M.



THE YOUTH ANSDRELL, so often remanded for an alleged assault upon Police-constable Trapmore in the Hounslow riots on January 4th, was acquitted on Tuesday at the Middlesex Sessions, several witnesses declaring positively that they had been close to the prisoner all the time the stone-throwing was going on, and that he had taken no part in it. At a meeting last week of the Brentford Board of Guardians it was unanimously agreed that Dr. Whitmarsh should be requested to resign his post as medical officer. Twenty-two of the poor of Hounslow have signed a memorial stating that they would die rather than be attended by him.

JUDGES AND ARCHITECTS ARE STILL AT VARIANCE as to the improvements needed in the new Law Courts. The Chief Justice in particular has made strong complaints this week that "what he asked to have done had not been attended to," the architect especially demurring to his suggestion that the witness-box should be placed for better hearing between the judge and the jury, on the ground that "it would spoil the symmetry of his Court." A gentleman, it is said, will shortly be appointed with the title of Controller, under whose direction the Courts of Justice will be placed.

A BETTER PLAN than trusting for the night to the ready but rough shelter of the casual ward has been practised apparently for many years with much success by an ingenious tramp of the name of Wickham. When Mr. Wickham desires to live quietly for a time, with regular meals and comfortable sleeping apartments, he feigns madness with considerable skill, and is forthwith accommodated in the nearest asylum. When weary of asylum life, he becomes sane again, and is discharged by qualified doctors as a pleasing cure. Unfortunately for him he played the trick so often—having from first to last bestowed his patronage on over forty different institutions—that he seems to have lost count of where he had been before, and visiting Chester once again was recognised as having been in that asylum four times already. The casual ward, we fear, must content him for the future, unless he prefers committal as a rogue and vagabond.

SOME HORRIBLE REVELATIONS of a not uncommon way of preparing sites for future residences were made last week in Mr. Justice Fry's Court in an action brought by certain residents of Fulham to restrain a man named Watson from depositing or permitting to remain upon a plot called "Dancer's Land" any solid or liquid refuse, or otherwise using any part of the ground so as to cause a nuisance to the plaintiffs. The defendant Watson had, it seems, entered into a contract with the lease-holders, by which he was entitled to remove the clay and gravel, and fill up the space with solid and liquid refuse. The decaying animal and vegetable matter, known in contractors' parlance as "soft core," was left exposed some days to dry, and then covered over with a few feet of earth on which houses in course of time would have been erected. Many a man, the Judge declared, in granting the order asked for with costs, had been tried for manslaughter for offences less morally criminal and less dangerous to the public health, and yet the Fulham Local Board had allowed such things to go on, and left the remedy to private individuals. The injunction was subsequently made perpetual.

GREAT EFFORTS are being made by the friends of Louis Staunton—condemned in September, 1877, to penal servitude for life for the murder of his wife by starvation and ill-treatment—to obtain a re-hearing of his case on the ground that the unfortunate woman died of meningitis, and that the verdict was arrived at under the influence of prejudice. Four persons, it will be remembered, were found guilty of wilful murder by the jury—Alice Rhodes, who received a free pardon almost immediately, Louis Staunton, his brother Patrick, and his brother's wife. Patrick has since died in prison; the other two now entertain strong hopes that a reconsideration of the circumstances will necessarily result in their release.

THE ALLEGED SHROPSHIRE MURDERERS, Thomas and Elizabeth Mayos, were committed for trial last week at the next Assizes. The medical testimony showed that a severe blow had been inflicted on the head of the deceased girl before death. Some sensation was caused by the evidence of the brother, aged thirteen, as to the systematic cruelty of the stepmother towards the child. He was told to say that "Polly had been taken away dressed, and would not come back." Both prisoners were much agitated, and Mrs. Mayos fainted at the railway station. They both deny that they had anything to do with the child's death.

THE CHARGE AGAINST MR. WALTER DUNLOP, surgeon of the St. Pancras Workhouse, of causing the death of a child by vaccination, which had been adjourned to obtain the testimony of experts, was again heard on Wednesday and dismissed, Mr. Hosack, the sitting-magistrate, declaring that the case for the prosecution had completely broken down. The prosecution, it may be remembered, was instituted by the Anti-Vaccination Society.

NOMINAL PENALTIES of 1s. each have been imposed on Sir Percy Shelley and Mr. Hamilton Aidé for giving unlicensed performances in the house of the former on the Embankment, in contravention of the Theatres Act and to the annoyance of the residents in the neighbourhood. The summonses were taken out by the Hon. Slingsby Bethell. The summonses against Mr. Horace Wigan, who unkindly suggests that nothing would have been heard of annoyance to the neighbours if Mr. Bethell had still been allowed to take parts "without lines" in the performances, was dismissed.

OUR BOYS, if we may judge from the police reports, are already not so far behind the "hoodlums" of San Francisco. At Wandsworth, two little urchins were brought up last Friday for attempting to rob a till. The youngest (æt. 10) had told the School Board visitor he would not go to school, and meant to be a burglar. Both had been flogged for previous offences by order of the police magistrate. At Woolwich, a little imp of 12 set fire to a stack of hay worth 20s. He did it "all by himself, for a lark," and "nobody would have known had not his little brother talked about it."—A bolder robbery of property to the value of 30s. in the house of the Rev. Mr. Campe, has been brought home at Lambeth to two pupil teachers—Paterson and Read. One held the servant girl while the other plundered the place. A few weeks after the house of a widow lady was broken open, and watches, &c., worth 38s. carried off. Read has succeeded in getting away to America, where he boasts that he is in a free State, and the authorities cannot touch him.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE first idea that occurs to one on reading "The White Pilgrim, and Other Poems," by Herman Charles Merivale (Chapman and Hall, Limited), is that it is not surprising if the romantic drama, which is the most important feature in the volume, failed in representation. In the present condition of the stage the result could hardly have been expected to be otherwise; for, setting aside the thought required on the part of the spectators, it may without exaggeration be said that it would have required a tragedian of the first order to present the character of Thordisa; and that the tragedy, as a whole, would require such a generally strong cast as can scarcely be hoped for nowadays. The play—whether as play or poem—can hardly be praised too highly. Founded on La Motte Fouqué's most perfect romance, "Sintram," it is carried out in admirable unison with the original conceit, and contains passages of rare beauty. It might be urged that some of the speeches, fine in themselves, are too lengthy for stage purposes; and this is perfectly true—e.g., the speech of the Angel of Death on first meeting the heroine is a noble poem, but would tax the recitative powers of even the finest artist. Note, however, the passage beginning "Tender I am, not cruel;" and compare with this Thordisa's speech:

How slowly heavenward rolls the stream of time
For parted lovers!

It is difficult to guess why the scene should have been laid in Finland of all places, Jarl Harold and his compeers being certainly not Skrellings. Of the minor poems it may be said that some of them are clever, showing true metrical feeling and a genuine sense of humour. Specially amusing are "The Wishes of a Dumb Waiter," "Thespian Themes," and "St. Valentine's Tour." The translations are hardly up to the mark; but amongst the parodies there are some very good ones. The lines on the Whistler-Ruskin controversy are almost worthy of "Rejected Addresses."

We cannot be harsh to "The Empress Charlotte, and Other Poems," by Peter Southmead Glubb, B.D. (London Literary Society), since the reverend author publishes his work in the interests of charity. Otherwise it might not be difficult to extract amusement from what is, at best, a well-meant failure, suggestive in places of Oliver Wendell Holmes's celebrated burlesque.

There could not be a book more perfect in appearance than "Twenty-Two Sonnets," by R. E. Egerton-Warburton (Pickering). The illustrations are marvels of wood-engraving, and most poetical in design, whilst the verse is as elegant and scholarly as might have been looked for from such a writer. To those who know, there is a strange pathos in the Sonnet at page 21—apart from its beauty as a poem; very good, also, are those on the desecrated chapel near Lausanne, on the Marien Capelle, and that which is addressed to an hypercritical lady, *à propos* of gardening.

"Echoes from the Orwell," by T. C. Wilkinson (*Suffolk Times and Mercury*, Ipswich), is a modest little collection of fugitive pieces which have originally appeared in the columns of the provincial press. They are not without merit in their class of verse.

Public readers in search of a new ground cannot do better than to try "Prince, and Other Narrative Poems," by Harriet L. Child Pemberton (Ward and Lock). The leading piece, an episode of the American Civil War, is really fine, and the climax, reached in the last verse's last line—as should be—thrilling. Other good pieces are "Philip" and "The False Light of Rosilly;" but why should the author have accentuated "balcony" wrongly at page 41? The line literally sings itself as it should have been.

The only remark to be made about "Poems, Humorous and Philosophical," by "Agrimor" (Griffith and Farran), is that they deserve neither the former nor the latter epithet. The verse is tolerably good of its kind, but dialect verses are only allowable when they are spontaneous, and of the first quality.

A GERMAN-AUSTRIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION is being planned in Berlin at the Crown Prince of Germany's special desire. Both the Austrian Imperial Family and manufacturers favour the project of thus promoting the good feeling and commercial relations between the two Teutonic nations.

AN ALTERATION IN RAILWAY FARES is proposed in Germany—i.e., to arrange the passenger tariff by "zones." This change would bring in a considerably larger revenue, and would lower the tariff for long distances. By the way, some ingenious Teutons have taken to counterfeiting railway tickets, and have reaped a good harvest.

PAPER RAILROAD TRACKS are to be tried in America, where paper car wheels have long been in use, and have proved highly successful. These rails are made whole of paper pulp, subjected to a pressure which renders it as solid as metal. It is declared that the rails are not affected by atmospheric changes, that they are more durable than steel, and can be manufactured at one-third of the cost.

THE AMERICAN COINAGE is greatly improving in style, and the new 5 cent. piece (about 2½d.) just brought out is very elegantly designed. A female head crowned with a diadem inscribed "Liberty," and surrounded by the thirteen stars, emblematic of the original thirteen States, occupies the obverse, and on the reverse the letter V. is set within a wreath formed of the flowers of vegetable products indigenous to America. The inscription "United States of America, E Pluribus Unum," is engraved on the outer circle.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S LATEST STUDY is madness and its various phases, and she has paid a special visit to the madhouse of the Salpêtrière in Paris to observe the malady at its fountain-head. To her great disappointment, the maniacs were all remarkably calm and sane at the time of her visit, although at her special desire she was allowed to see all the most violent cases. So Madame Bernhardt improvised a scene of violent madness according to her ideas in one of the cells, and in this case the idea certainly surpassed the reality.

ONE OF THE PROMOTERS OF THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC RAILROAD, MR. W. E. DODGE, who has just died at New York, has been connected with the most important philanthropic schemes for the past half-century, and witnessed the remarkable advance and alteration in mercantile life within that period. Mr. Dodge remembered New York without gas or railroads, with no public water-supply, with few steamboats and hotels, and in the time of the great fire of 1835, from which the city arose a different town. Rising from very humble conditions, he became a wealthy dry goods proprietor, and spent a large portion of his riches in promoting schools and charitable enterprises of all kinds. His chief exertions, however, were devoted to railroad enterprise, in which he was engaged for forty years. When he began business, in 1827, there was not a mile of railway in the States. Three years later the first line was opened from Albany to Schenectady, twenty-three miles long; and fifty years later, in 1880, there were over 100,000 miles of railroad in the country, by which New York has become the centre of trade, commerce, and finance, and St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Chicago are now practically nearer than Albany, Boston, or Philadelphia were when Mr. Dodge began work as a clerk in 1813. Throughout life he was a strict Sabbatarian, and for thirty years, while he was director, no Sunday trains were run on the Erie Railroad, so that, when a majority of his fellow directors decided to establish Sunday trains, he at once resigned. Two years later the company was bankrupt and the stock virtually worthless—a catastrophe which Mr. Dodge ascribed to the Sabbath-breaking innovation.

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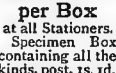
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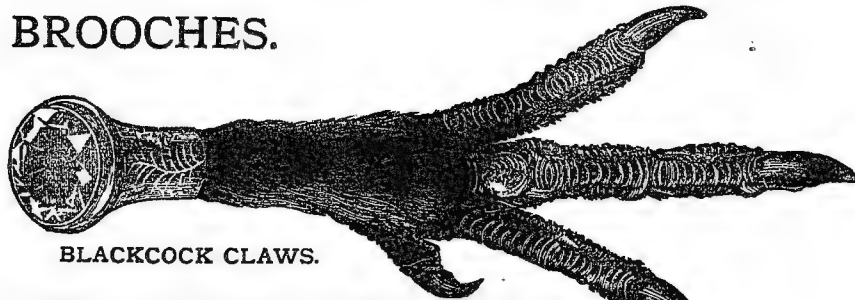
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"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER XVII.

ALTHOUGH the distance was short from Mr. Higgins's garden-gate to his dining parlour, Mrs. Lucas's progress thither was long. She stopped on her way to admire the front of the house, the shrubs before the windows, the garden beds with their box borders, and—a little further on—the entrance hall, with a mahogany hat-stand and eight-day clock, and the pattern of the carpet on the stairs which led up from it. It might have been supposed, to hear her, that Mrs. Lucas had just arrived from a prolonged residence in a wigwam, or a Tartar tent. At length, however, she reached the dining-room, where Miss Baines and Violet were awaiting her, and she embraced them both with extraordinary demonstrations of affection. "Who would have thought that we should meet again thus?" she exclaimed. "Who could have guessed that I should be privileged to see you both beneath this venerated roof? Who could have imagined such a piece of good fortune for me?" And she went on in this strain so long, that Violet, losing patience, observed that any one might have thought, guessed, or imagined it, who happened to know, as they all did, that Mrs. Lucas had friends at Charnham, and was frequently in the neighbourhood. But Mrs. Lucas's grateful and admiring mood continued with undiminished intensity.

After the early dinner they all sat round the fire. It was Mr. Higgins's custom to smoke a pipe at this period of the day. "I hope you don't mind tobacco, Mrs. Lucas," said the host, filling his pipe. "Because, if you do, it'll deprive me of the pleasure of your company."

"Oh, my dear sir, pray don't think of such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Lucas, almost squeaking in her emphasis. "I adore tobacco. But even if I did not, I would not for worlds have you driven from your own hearth—"

"Me? Oh, no! I never smoke my pipe anywhere else. But there's a little sitting-room at the back, where you could withdraw to if you liked. You could have a fire."

"Ever considerate," murmured Mrs. Lucas. But she protested once more that the smell of tobacco was, above all other odours, delicious in her nostrils.

Presently she began to chat with Miss Baines and Violet about Italy. "And what," said she in a mysterious tone, "was the result of my communication respecting the G.'s?"

Miss Baines glanced uneasily at her uncle. But Violet answered at once and without hesitation. "If you mean that gossip which was told you about the Guarinis, it had no result at all. Except," she added after a moment's pause, "to make us feel sorry that your friend should not have been more careful before spreading scandal about persons whom he did not know."

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Lucas, clasping her hands.

"Hulloa!" said Mr. Higgins. "What is it all about, hey?"

"It was some friends—at least acquaintances they were at first—but we had excellent references—I don't mean references, but information, information about them," began Miss Baines, in hurried, embarrassed accents.

Mr. Higgins cut her short. "What are you cackling about, Betsy Baines?" said he. "I can't make head or tail of it! You always were muddle-headed, and you haven't improved by going on the Continent." (This was a favourite sarcasm of Mr. Higgins's, as though his niece had gone abroad in the expectation of being morally and physically regenerated. If she had had a wooden leg when she left England, he would probably have taunted her with still needing it on her return.) Then he went on: "Violet, perhaps you can explain what your aunt means."

"Yes, Uncle Joshua, I can," answered the girl, raising her head, and looking straight at him.

"Well said, my lass! You speak so as one can understand you."

Violet began the history of her acquaintance with Madame Guarini from the time when they first met in a Swiss hotel, and carried it on to the day of her departure from Rome. It was a chronicle of disinterested kindness on Nina's part towards two strangers. "The person Mrs. Lucas alludes to," said Violet, in conclusion, "picked up a quantity of scandalous gossip about these good friends of ours; and Mrs. Lucas—meaning well, no doubt—wrote it all to Aunt Betsy, warning her not to continue the acquaintance."

"I'm sure I acted for the best," said Mrs. Lucas, humbly.

"Not a doubt of it, ma'am," said Mr. Higgins.

"Of course I felt it right to let dear Miss Baines know what I had gleaned, so to speak, in moments of confidential converse, and to put her on her guard."

"Of course."

"You know what foreigners are, Mr. Higgins—"

"Certainly, ma'am. A man don't live to my time of life without knowing that!"

"And female propriety is—if I may so express myself—such a sensitive blossom."

"You're quite right, Mrs. Lucas. My own principles have ever been strict, and I have required the same from all my family."

"But really, you know, Mrs. Lucas," put in Miss Baines, "many members of the aristocracy used to go to Madame Guarini's parties. There was the Duke of Pontalto and—"

"A Dook was there?" said Mr. Higgins. "Ah, but all foreigners have titles! It's very different from what it is with us."

Nevertheless, the mention of the Duke was not without its effect. The subject dropped for the time, but Mrs. Lucas subsequently recurred to it more than once when she was alone with Miss Baines. And she even said: "If we are ever in Rome together again, I think I shall get you to introduce me to the Signora. I adore literary and poetical society. And I fancy that would be just the sort of circle I should like."

Mrs. Lucas had an excellent temper, of the kind that results from moral and mental bluntness of perception. Moreover she was rather silly than spiteful, and did not desire maliciously to injure any one. But hers was one of those characters which never quite outgrow the stage of playing at most things in life; and if you took her too seriously she was apt to be disconcerted and resentful. Her illusions did not soar very high. They dealt rather with terrestrial mud-pies than with cloudy castles in the air. But such as they were, she liked to enjoy them after a fashion to which conviction was no more necessary than it is to a child "making believe." She was a flatterer by instinct. But her flatteries were generally uttered more for the purpose of forming a roseate atmosphere around herself than deliberately deceiving her hearers. She liked high-flown words and romantic sentiments; and, above all, she liked to consider herself as an interesting figure, and an object of tender solicitude to the male sex.

Miss Baines having taken up her residence in her own cottage, and Uncle Joshua having his business to attend to, the visitor was thrown mainly on Violet's hands for amusement during several hours of each day. Violet had no intention of giving up her studies in cooking and housewifery in order to devote herself to Mrs. Lucas. She was learning to be a helpful wife to Mario; and every commonest and simplest action performed with that scope became

beautiful and interesting in her eyes. The poor girl thought of little else during her waking hours, and she measured her life by the arrival of the not very frequent letters from her lover, as a wanderer in the desert measures his journey by the stars. Mrs. Lucas accompanied her one day to Mrs. Fox's house, and was thenceforward a welcome visitor there. Mrs. Fox, sitting in her patchwork-covered chair near the window, mightily enjoyed a chat with this stranger. Mrs. Fox had lived in Charnham when a girl, and Mrs. Lucas could talk about Charnham folks. Not that she had much that was new to tell about them. But that made small difference. As a pampered lap-dog will mumble a bare bone, not from vulgar hunger, but *dilettante* gluttony, so Mrs. Fox clung to a savoury morsel of gossip long after she had devoured the solid facts of it; and would repeat and listen to the same words over and over again with intense relish.

"Ah! to be sure," she would say in her deep, full voice, "your husband's step-sister; she married Mr. Johnson, the coach-builder. And her daughter that you speak of, she married William Dixon, the bookseller. And he died of a quinsy, a matter of three or four-and-twenty years ago."

"He did, indeed," said Mrs. Lucas (who had never beheld the deceased Dixon) in a deeply sympathising tone of voice.

"And a blessed release it was for her; for he drank like a fish," added Mrs. Fox unexpectedly. "And you see how the sins of the fathers are visited on the children; for her grandfather was a hard man, and didn't set his foot inside of a church from one year's end to another."

Then up spoke Kitty Low from the corner, where she had sat silent hitherto, darning a stocking with superior skill and elaboration. "I don't see as that proves the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. Why should William Dixon behave bad and get drunk if his wife's grandfather didn't go to church? What was it to him?"

"Don't you go agin Scriptur', Kitty," said her grandmother. But at the same time she hastened to avoid a controversy; Kitty being an opponent whom it was not safe to tackle.

It was after one of these interviews that Kitty observed to Miss Moore, "Folks don't understand above one half of what each other says. Haven't you noticed over and over again two people will go on talking for an hour, and neither of 'em a bit nearer to understanding the other's mind at the end of it?"

"Is that why you talk so little, Kitty?" asked Violet, with a smile.

"Partly, I think it is."

"But if we never talked to each other at all we should understand still less."

"I don't feel so sure about that."

"Well, I suppose people like to hear the sound of their own voices. I do."

"Why, you generally have something to say when you talk, Miss Moore. And anyway, it comes from you natural, like a bird's song. But our curate, now, Mr. Halliday—sometimes when I listen to him holding forth, I get a feeling as if he wasn't a real man at all, but something wound up like a jack."

"Poor Mr. Halliday! Why, Kitty?"

"Because there's no truth in his talk. I don't mean as he tells lies exactly, but it don't come from his heart. The words of St. Paul are in my mind almost oftener than any others: 'Behold, I show you a mystery.' I had used to puzzle and puzzle about most things until those words got hold of me. And, thinks I at last, 'Well, there's some things as we're not to understand, so it's no good trying.' The Apostle Paul was a learned man, but the most he could do was to *show* us a mystery. He couldn't explain it. And so it is with some folk's souls. We're bound to believe they have 'em, but it's a mystery. Or else one 'ud think it hardly needs the Almighty should breathe into a man's nostrils the breath of life to make him talk like Mr. Halliday. And you know what we was saying about the new life the other day? Well, now you can't suppose such a person as Mrs. Lucas will be quite comfortable in Heaven all at once—if ever she gets there. She'll miss her old humbug and nonsense sadly at first."

But Mrs. Lucas, all unconscious of Kitty Low's critical attitude of mind, comported herself with great condescension and fascination, and praised Kitty's neatness and dexterity with her needle and in all household matters. "What a first-rate maid you would make, my dear," said Mrs. Lucas to her one day. "A lady's maid, of course, I mean. To a lady, now, travelling alone, you would be invaluable. And to a feeling mind like yours, kind and confidential treatment would be more than lucre."

"I should expect to be treated kind," rejoined Kitty. "But I should require wages too."

That was the beginning of Mrs. Lucas's saying how much she should like to engage Kitty to be her maid, if she went abroad again. Kitty answered that she didn't see her way to take service so long as her grandmother lived, but if she were free from that duty, she did not know but she might be willing to see foreign parts. She had a great thirst for knowledge, and was never weary of hearing all that Violet could tell her of her own not very extensive travels. The description of Rome especially had great attractions for her. "I like to hear you tell about it, Miss Moore," she said, "because you seem to make me see it. Now, Mrs. Lucas, poor lady, if you ask her anything, she can only describe herself, if you know what I mean—what she saw, and what she did, and how she did it. Whereas, you see, we can all make a guess at that, after we've known her five minutes. I asked her about the ocean once, and how she felt when the ship was in the middle of the great waters, and all I could get out of her was how polite the captain was when she was sick!"

There was, however, one person on whom Mrs. Lucas's manners and conversation made a most favourable impression. Mr. Higgins admired and approved her extremely. He said she had such a just view of the limits of the female mind, and the virtues of the female character. Whether the justness of her views would have aroused in him quite so warm an admiration if she had been sallow, scraggy, or squinting might be doubted. Certain it is that he did not leave out of the catalogue of her merits her buxom figure, bright eyes, and smooth, blooming complexion. Violet did not suspect her uncle of any matrimonial intentions, still less of any tender sentiments. She fell into the common error of youth, taking it for granted that her elders were quite ready to give up certain departments of feeling, and resign themselves to a kind of passive venerability, such as appeared becoming in her twenty-year-old judgment. Miss Baines, being partly banished from the house, had few opportunities of observing the state of the case. But Martha was neither under the disadvantage of inexperience or distance. She was forty years old, and she was on the spot. She made a careful study of Mrs. Lucas, and came to the conclusion that, if Mr. Higgins were resolved to bring a new mistress to reign over the household, he might have made a far more disastrous choice than Mrs. Lucas. She was indolent, as Martha had discovered, good-tempered, and very vain. But, although things might have been worse, Martha highly disapproved the idea of her master's marrying again. And if she could have prevented his doing so, she would without scruple. Martha had had her own views and expectations as to a legacy in reward for long and faithful services. If Miss Violet were to be master's heir, all those expectations might be fulfilled. But with a new wife you didn't know what to reckon on. Miss Baines's blindness as to what was going forward provoked Martha beyond her patience, and she resolved that, if Miss Baines could do nothing to avert the catastrophe, she should at least be

made uncomfortable, and not continue to outrage her (Martha's) feelings by a placid unconsciousness. "It's my duty to open her eyes a bit," said Martha, who was not less ingenious than most of us in imputing excellent motives to her own actions.

Accordingly she put on her bonnet one morning and proceeded to Woodbine Cottage, where she was kindly received by Miss Baines, who bade her sit down in the parlour and state her errand. Miss Baines was washing her own special breakfast service of old china: a task she never entrusted to other hands, and with spectacles on nose and a clean fine cloth in her hands, she was performing the operation with great care.

"And how are they all at home, Martha? Pretty well?" said she.

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth. I don't know as there's anything to complain of with their bodily health."

"That's a good hearing," rejoined Miss Baines, intent on her crockery.

"But it's a queer world. Talk of live and learn,—I believe it would take Methusalee to be up to folks."

"Ah! very true, Martha. Would you pour just a leetle more warm water into that basin for me? The kettle is on the hob. Thank you."

"It isn't warm water, but hot water that's a-brewing for some on us, Miss Elizabeth."

"Dear me, Martha! Is anything wrong?" asked Miss Baines. But she was still placid, and intent on her task; expecting at the most the revelation of some insubordination on the part of the kitchen maid, or some manifestation of James Rawlinson's ill-temper.

"Well, wrong is as people may think. Some may fancy it's all right. I don't envy 'em their feelings. I can't, myself, rejoice when I see the orphan despoiled, and grey hairs a-making game of themselves, Miss Elizabeth."

"Martha!" exclaimed Miss Baines, pausing with a saucer half-dried in her hand.

"Well, Miss Elizabeth; no more I can't. Pr'aps I speak too free. The lady's your friend of course. And it was through knowing you as she first came to the house; but—"

"Martha!" repeated Miss Baines; but in a fainter voice, and she set down the saucer on the table with a trembling hand. "I beg you will speak out and explain what you mean."

"Why, laws bless us and save us, Miss Elizabeth, do you mean to say as you don't see what's going on? I couldn't have believed it of a lady of your time of life!"

"You don't mean to insinuate that Uncle Joshua—?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Elizabeth; and what's more I seen it for some time a-coming to a head. And it won't be his fault nor yet her's if Mrs. Jane Lucas, widow, isn't turned into Mrs. Joshua Higgins before we know where we are."

Martha could not certainly complain of apathy on Miss Baines's part any longer. The poor lady put her hands to her head as if she were stunned. The foremost, almost the sole, thought in her mind at that moment was Violet. Among all the contingencies which might stand in the way of Violet's inheriting her grand-uncle's money, his marrying a second time had never presented itself to her mind. "It's impossible," she exclaimed faintly. "It can't be! You must be mistaken, Martha."

"No, Miss Elizabeth; that ain't very likely. But now your eyes are opened, you can look for yourself. I done my duty in telling you. And as for Miss Violet, I hope she'll find a good husband to take care of her: for her uncle's house won't be the home it has been for her much longer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. LUCAS was not more blind than Martha as to Mr. Higgins's admiration for herself, but she was naturally much less surprised at it. The position in life which she would best have liked was that of a rich widow. But to be a rich wife would, she thought, be the next best thing. And then, if she married Mr. Higgins, a second widowhood was within reasonable expectation, and he was known to be quite a wealthy man for his station in life. Dozebury was a dull hole, but if she married Mr. Higgins she did not intend to remain mewed up in Dozebury. She indulged in bright dreams of revisiting the scenes of her former travels under altered circumstances, of occupying the best rooms in this or that foreign *pension*, where she had previously been obliged to content herself with the worst, and of rustling bravely in silk attire, instead of creeping humbly in bombazine. She knew that there were younger women than herself who would esteem themselves fortunate to become Mrs. Joshua Higgins; and she thought that a husband so much older than she was would confer an air of increased juvenility on her. In a word, she was resolved to accept him whenever he should speak.

For his part he had made up his mind on the subject long ago. His niece's prolonged absence abroad had annoyed him more than he cared to confess. Even if Elizabeth must go poking about from one outlandish place to another in search of health, Violet at least might have stayed with him, instead of sticking so fast to her aunt, who was a strangely poor creature for any one to be fond of. "But," said he to himself, "Joshua Higgins has no need to go a begging for some one to value him. If Violet, and that goose Betsy Baines, don't know what a privilege they have, others are not so stupid. And perhaps they may repent when it's too late. But that's their look out!" He had formed a favourable opinion of Mrs. Lucas on first meeting her. She had a very fitting sense of his importance, and she was a fine personable woman that a man need not be ashamed to see at the head of his table. She had been in Charnham two months before Miss Baines and Violet returned to England. And, little as they guessed it, she had been the main cause of their hasty summons home. Mr. Higgins was minded to have Mrs. Lucas over in Dozebury for a while, and to witness her behaviour in his own house before he finally raised her to the proud position of being its mistress; and for this purpose it was necessary to have some female member of the family to play propriety. He sent for his nieces with a chuckling self-satisfaction in the thought that they little imagined to what end they were summoned; and that they would hurry back to celebrate their own discomfiture. He had by no means made up his mind to leave Violet entirely unprotected for. But she would not, at all events, be his sole heiress. And if she wished to come in for anything handsome she must change her conduct a little, and show some proper deference and attachment to her prospective benefactor.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Higgins had a soft place in his heart at all, it was for this orphan girl. She reminded him of the dead niece whom he had loved long ago even as his own child. And there were moments when, if Violet had been cunning to curry favour with the old man, even Mrs. Lucas's influence weighed against hers might have kicked the beam.

It would not have been easy for Dozebury to scent out what was in the wind from Mr. Higgins's demeanour. He did not curtail any of his usual occupations in order to devote more time to the lady's society. But Mrs. Lucas was not so reticent, and she dropped several hints of her new prospects to Mrs. Fox, which was equivalent, in point of ensuring publicity, to engaging the bellman to cry the news from one end of Dozebury High Street to the other. And thus it came to pass that Violet got her first intimation of it from Kitty Low. Miss Baines, enlightened by Martha's revelation, had a nervous dread of mentioning it to her niece analogous to that which prevents some persons from making a will—as though an event could be tempted to happen by talking of it! Violet was more astonished than afflicted by the news. She had never built on her uncle's inheritance. And,

above all, Mario did not build on it. That was the main point of it all for her. If there were any likelihood that Mario should find himself disappointed or deluded, then, indeed, the matter would have been terrible. But as it was, she could not feel it to be so. Indeed, at the bottom of her heart there sprang up an undefined hope that this marriage might make her own course smoother. "Are you sure of it, Kitty?" she asked.

"I'm sure Mrs. Lucas said what I told you, Miss Moore. But as for being sure of the rest,—I never believe half the clack I hear. Mrs. Lucas would have had us think that she was holding off, and couldn't make up her mind to accept Mr. Higgins—"

"I don't wonder at that," interrupted Violet.

"Never you believe it, Miss Moore. Your uncle's a man of substance, and a man of respectability, and a good marriage for her, as such folks think of marriage. But perhaps after all it isn't true. Mrs. Lucas don't govern her tongue very strict. And a cup'll run over on the side you tip it. She was sure to tip it on the side of being sought after."

But Mrs. Lucas's hints were justified very speedily. That same evening, as they all sat at supper, Mr. Higgins cleared his throat, and looked around him in a manner to bespeak attention. Mrs. Lucas, who sat at his right hand, was fluttered and fidgety. But Mr. Higgins was supported on that, as on all other occasions, by the profound conviction that whatever he did was wisely and well done: his creed being, not so much that the will of Providence should be his will, as that his will was manifestly the will of Providence.

"Well now," said he in his accustomed bawling tones, "I wish to say a few words to you, Niece Elizabeth and Niece Violet."

Miss Baines turned pale, and clasped her hands under cover of the tablecloth.

"I'm not bound, as you know, to give an account of my actions to anybody. But I act according to my principles, which have ever been to behave kind and considerate to my family so long as they do their duty by me; and even perhaps a little beyond that."

There was a silence. Mrs. Lucas put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I therefore think it right," pursued Mr. Higgins, staring round on them solemnly and letting his hand fall heavily on the table, "to let you know, before the banns are published, that I mean to marry the lady you now see before you, who to see is equally to admire, and who I have reason to think is highly worthy of being put in the position of my wife. This lady, Jane Lucas by name, is more than willing to behave with family affection towards them with whom she will shortly be united in the relationship of aunt-in-law by the bonds of matrimony. And I hope her kind intentions will be corresponded to. That's all," said Uncle Joshua, bringing his oration to a rather abrupt conclusion.

Mrs. Lucas rose in an agitated manner, and proceeded to embrace Violet, who was nearest to her, with great effusiveness. Violet received the caress very well, and kissed Mrs. Lucas's plump cheek in return, saying simply, "I hope you and Uncle Joshua will live peacefully and happily together."

But when it came to Miss Baines's turn, instead of embracing the bride elect, or making any congratulatory speech whatever, the poor lady, losing all self-command, exclaimed, "Oh Mrs. Lucas, I couldn't have believed it of you!" and, bursting into tears, hurried out of the room.

This was not precisely a cheerful way of receiving such an announcement; but Mr. Higgins was not altogether displeased by it. He was not unwilling that Betsy should feel mortified and cut up. It served her right! He much preferred this manifestation on her part to any show of indifference. Violet, in fact, had taken the announcement too coolly to please him. She looked disturbed and distressed enough now, however, and made as if she would have followed her aunt from the room.

"Remain where you are, if *you* please, Violet," said Mr. Higgins; "when your Aunt Betsy can comfort herself as is befitting, she'll come back. Until then it's as well for her to stay away. She must understand that any word disrespectful to Jane Lucas will be considered the same as being disrespectful to me—or pretty nigh it," he added, feeling that the original statement needed some modification.

"Oh dear, I'm sure, Mr. Higgins, it's only natural," said Mrs. Lucas. "It must be a trial at first to think of any one coming between her and one so venerated and looked up to all these years. I know not how I should support it myself. We women, alas! are not always able to control our emotions."

"I expect the women that live in my house to keep their emotions under, Jane Lucas," said Mr. Higgins with a Jovial-like air.

Presently Miss Baines returned, very red-eyed, and pale-cheeked, and humble, and made her congratulations to her uncle, which were graciously, if not cordially, received, and there was outward peace. Mr. Higgins approved his future wife's behaviour. It was quite proper that she should not take too much upon herself, nor show any airs or ill-nature. If Betsy Baines behaved amiss, that was for *him* to reprove. Before Miss Baines returned to Woodbine Cottage that night, Mrs. Lucas took an opportunity of whispering to her that she hoped they should be friends, and that she bore no malice for a hasty word. Miss Baines met this advance more than half way, feeling that she had been injudicious on Violet's behalf. And she besought Mrs. Lucas with tears in her eyes to be good to that poor dear orphan girl, who would have no one to stand in the place of a parent to her when she (Betsy Baines) should be no more. "My dear creature, I entreat you to quell your tumult," replied Mrs. Lucas fervently. "She shall be to me as my own—younger sister."

The next day the aunt and niece talked over their own prospects and plans. Violet was keen about returning to Rome. "Uncle Joshua might have spared us the journey home," said she. "He will not want us now. And he cannot complain if you and I take our own way as he has taken his."

Poor Miss Baines sighed, and shook her head. "I shouldn't like you to go against your Uncle Joshua," she said, feebly. "Remember, Violet, how much depends on pleasing him."

"Dear Aunt Betsy, we came home to please him, and you see —! I know—I know that you are thinking only of my interests and not at all of yourself. But it is vain to waste our lives in watching for what may never come, or may come too late."

But Miss Baines had already passed too many years of her life in hoping for an inheritance for Violet to be able to relinquish the habit all at once. However, she ended by saying, "Well, if Uncle Joshua doesn't seem to object, we might go back to Rome for a time. I shouldn't like you to be long out of Uncle Joshua's sight, Violet. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' you know."

"I hope not," answered Violet, with a half sad smile, thinking of some one else whose absence had certainly not effaced from her mind.

Mrs. Lucas, however, unexpectedly came to her assistance in the project of returning to Italy. That model of female propriety did not think it fitting to remain an inmate of Mr. Higgins's house between the announcement of the engagement and the performance of the marriage, which was to take place within three weeks. And on mentioning this view to Mr. Higgins he at once suggested her removing to Woodbine Cottage during the interval. He did not think it necessary to ask Miss Baines's consent to this arrangement beforehand, but told her explicitly that it should cost her nothing. And in fact he sent in lavish supplies of various household articles to Miss Baines's house; and bade her, if more were wanted, to order more.

in his name. Violet was to remain in his house. Thus the girl was thrown more into her uncle's company than had yet been the case since her return to England. She made tea for him at breakfast, which they took *à la-tête*, and was at hand very often when he came into the house at odd moments from his place of business. The old man was kinder and gentler to her when they were alone together than at any other times. And often Violet regretted that she was bound by a promise to Mario to keep their engagement secret, for there were moments when she thought her uncle would have listened not unfavourably to what she had to tell him. One morning, when he was in a particularly mild mood, he said to her, "Violet, I mean to make you a present when I'm married. What shall it be! What would you like best? I shall go as high as fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds!" cried the girl, clasping her hands. "Oh, Uncle Joshua, that's a great deal of money!"

This pleased him. "Yes, my lass," said he, complacently. "It is a great deal of money. But I do things handsomely when I do 'em. So you tell me what you'd like to the tune of a fifty pound note, and you shall have it."

"I should like—I'm to say the truth?"

"Of course! And it wouldn't be much in your way to tell a lie, I'll say that for you."

"Then I should like you to give me the money, Uncle Joshua."

His face fell a little. "The money, hey? And what would you do with it?"

"I would pay my travelling expenses back to Italy, and save Aunt Betsy's pocket."

In this way Violet announced to her uncle the plan she had formed; and she was surprised to find him listen to it with kindness. He waited very quietly until she had done setting forth her reasons—her aunt's health, her own pleasure, the fact that he would have no further need of them at home. And then he said, "Well, now, you've up and spoken the truth to me, Violet, and that's more than your Aunt Betsy has done—oh, ay, yes, I daresay, she's timid and all the rest. Well and good. It isn't for you to speak against her, certainly. But you've more gumption in your little finger than she has in her whole body. Now I'll tell you something that will perhaps surprise you a good deal. Jane Lucas and me are going abroad ourselves for a wedding *tower*. It may be only to Paris, it may be farther, right yonder into Italy. That'll be according to how I like it, of course. Jane Lucas she's mad for me to see Rome. I think she'll be a bit disappointed in my opinion of it; but she wants to *have* my opinion. There's not many men at my time of life that would be up to facing such a long journey into foreign parts. But, as Jane Lucas says, she should just like me to let folks see what my constitution is. She's a trifle conceited about it, perhaps. But we must excuse that. But now, to show you what her kind-heartedness is, and how she wishes to do all she can for my family, she has been begging and coaxing with all her might to get me to take you along with us to Rome! I haven't said no, and I haven't said yes. What do you say?"

"I say—I say that the very thought of it makes me wild with joy, and that I thank you and her a thousand times!"

Numberless hopes and projects rushed into Violet's mind. If once Uncle Joshua could be brought face to face with Mario he could not fail to like him. He might even help him; for Uncle Joshua was generous with his money when he chose. To return to Rome so soon, to return in the company of relatives who were kind to her, and might possibly be kind to *him*! It was like a delightful dream! But all at once she stopped short, and exclaimed, "And Aunt Betsy?"

"Oh, well—Aunt Betsy may be welcome to join the travelling party for aught I know. But what I mean is that *you* will travel at our expense. And you shall have your fifty pound into the bargain."

(To be continued)



VERY seasonable and full of matter for earnest meditation is "A Manual for Lent" (Wells Gardner). Mr. F. C. Woodhouse is no mere stringer together of common-places. The chapter on "the difficulty of Easter joy" has a freshness seldom found in books of this kind, and that on Easter Eve is peculiarly suggestive at a time when Bishop Magee, in the recent correspondence about prayers for the dead, has been turning men's thoughts to the condition of the faithful departed. We heartily recommend the book as among the best of those put forth by a firm which has already gained a high position among Church publishers.

Not every village has the same right to a monograph as "Masingham Parva" (Waterlow and Sons), the home of the Le Strange Mordaunts, to whom belonged the eccentric Earl of Peterborough. Mr. Ronald M'Leod, now Acting Chaplain to the Forces in Cyprus, was curate of the place, and employed his leisure (there are only 135 inhabitants) in a way which may be commended to every curate who has a soul above lawn tennis—in doing for his village and its squires what Dr. Jessop is doing for another Norfolk village and its squires. Besides the Mordaunts and their predecessors, there is a good deal to say about the parsons, several of whom (among them Hawley, Rouge Croix to Lord Surrey at Flodden), are above the level of clerical mediocrity. The late Rector, C. D. Brereton, was wellknown during the Poor Law agitation; his son and successor is great in education—he founded, along with Earl Fortescue, the Devon County School, and has since started one at Elmham, in Norfolk. Mr. M'Leod's present work will be interesting to all who care to follow the history of an English village.

It needs a specialist to decide between "The Family Physician" (Cassell) and similar compilations. We lately reviewed a bulky volume on the same subject published by Ward and Lock; but, liking to combine fun with physic, we give our verdict "without prejudice," as the lawyers say, in favour of Cassell's book. It is so racy. How delightful to be reminded, under the head of "Fainting," of the young curate who went off in a swoon while reading about one of the bloody battles in the Old Testament; and what an Abernethian flavour there is in the remark: "There's no use in getting a baronetcy if you have to stay at home all your days and live on blue pill." The writer speaks of coltsfoot (still the basis of "British herb tobacco") as having been smoked in ancient times. Does he mean before Sir Walter Raleigh? and how would this bear on the date of the "elfin pipes" found so deep down in Scottish peat bogs? One used to think Virgil's shepherds smoked, for one reads in the "Georgics" of their burning an olive wood by carelessly dropping fire about. The Family Physician believes in snuff for a cold. He is quite a syncretic in his fondness for bryonia and aconite, but he does not name (and it is a serious omission) the east wind as a cause of liver derangement.

Any instalment of "Our Own Country" (Cassell and Co.) is sure to be welcome, though in noticing this fifth volume we must repeat our protest against being hurried from one corner of the United Kingdom to another without rhyme or reason. It may be well not to be wholly confined to one kind of scenery in each volume; but from Bradford, in Yorkshire, to Cardiff, and thence to Lincoln by way of Harrow and South Devon, is a somewhat confusing dance. Nor can we see any special connection between Rochester and the Isle of Man, or Antrim and Flintshire, or Raglan and Bury St. Edmund's. As usual, the letter-press is full of information. The small woodcuts are, in general, far superior to the

large pretentious ones—such as Hawarden Castle and the Vale of Avoca.

Who that had the good luck to read it can forget "Aunt Jenny's American Pets"? "Snakes, Curiosities, and Wonders of Serpent Life" (Griffith and Farran) is in its way just as captivating; and as we read we do not wonder that Miss Hopley has devoted herself to ophidians, as an earlier lady naturalist did to the frogs and iguanas of Surinam. They are really very interesting, though to say so seems to need an apology; and Miss Hopley, albeit no evolutionist, has such enthusiasm, and such a thorough knowledge of her subject, that she is a delightful guide. Her chapter on "Venoms and Their Remedies" is deeply interesting to all those who have friends in India or Australia. Tobacco is used by backwoodsmen; though never to go barefoot, or without good leg-casings, is what young doctors call an excellent prophylactic. But tobacco must be helped by stimulants, the value of which is so generally recognised in the States that a planter told Miss Hopley "Sambo" would sometimes prick himself with a thorn and cry out "Kattlesnake!" in order to get a big drop of whisky instead of cotton-picking. The quantity of whisky that may be swallowed after a bite without intoxicating effect is marvellous. Sir J. Fayrer thinks, by the way, the number of deaths from snake-bites in India greatly exaggerated, deaths from other causes being thrown in to swell the total. The conflicting evidence about cures is due to the difference between a full charge and the bite of an already exhausted snake. Sea-snakes, by the way, contribute several members to the family of *Thanatophidia*. In the Indian Ocean they are at times as numerous and beautiful as those seen by the Ancient Mariner. One is apt to think the grand cycle is coming round again, when one hears of snake-poison being made up into dinner-pills in America.

There are probably many readers to whom Mr. Grant Allen's papers are the best thing in the *St. James's Gazette*. They prove, like the somewhat similar papers of "the Amateur Poacher," that if a man will write intelligently about even the commonest things he will never lack readers. When Mr. Allen writes of plums or asparagus berries, and Mr. Jefferies of cats, or rabbits, or of a canter by a woodside in winter, it is like Dickens writing of a marine store-keeper, or of the young man named Guppy. Everybody has met Guppy, just as everybody has seen asparagus seed; but Dickens's is as different from everybody's Guppy as Mr. Jefferies's swimming rabbit is from any of those that sank into the earth when you or I last walked across the warren. Why Mr. Allen calls his collected essays "Colin Clout's Calendar" (Chatto and Windus) we cannot tell. He quotes nothing from Spenser, who certainly was not the poet of Nature. Clot (in the good old West-country name Clotworthy) means a water lily; but Clout will hardly pass for another form of it. Of course Mr. Allen has a deeper purpose than Mr. Jefferies. He is a Darwinian, who finds adaptation in our pea-flowers, and who ventures to speak of the strawberry as "Nature's first rough sketch of a fruit," because its seeds are hard and uneatable. In the Irish hare, that mean between "puss" as we Southerners know her, and the blue, or Scotch, hare, he thinks he has caught a creature of the Ice Age in process of development. His book is like a fairy tale. Let anti-Darwinians beware; this "evolutionist at large" will make converts of them, in spite of themselves.

The Gresham Lectures, like other matters with which the London Corporation has to do, have undergone of late years a change for the better. Middle-aged citizens remember the time when none of them, except those on music, were attended by more than two or three hearers. In fact, the Professorships were sinecures held by worthy clergymen who had friends in the Common Council or the Court of Aldermen. This is happily a thing of the past. Probably no London lectures nowadays, not even those at the Royal Institution, give pleasure and profit to larger audiences than the Gresham Lectures on Astronomy. Those delivered last year and in 1881 by the Rev. E. Ledger were quite worthy of being published; and though "The Sun, its Planets, and their Satellites" (Stanford) lacks in print the aid of the lime-light which it had in the lectures, it is as readable as any book on "Astronomy Without Mathematics" we ever came across. Mr. Ledger, going to the latest authorities, has much that will be new to many readers. Decimos and Phobos, the moons of Mars, for instance, though more than five years old, were born in an American sky, and are so seldom visible that they are strangers to all save those who keep abreast of the newest discoveries. One is glad, therefore, to hear all about them, and to have Mr. Ledger's facetious verdict that while they cannot be of much use as light-givers, they may by their rapid motions, serve instead of clocks and watches for the Martians, who, if they exist, as Mr. Ledger thinks not improbable, are bigger than we, and furnished with eyes that need less light. The bigger planets he does not believe are inhabited. Everybody can't live in London, and we are very glad of it. Those who can should attend the Gresham Lectures, and those who cannot should read Mr. Ledger.

For a good many prosaic folks, and also for those too too poetical people who vote Scott no poet, the notes to the "Lady of the Lake," &c., are the most interesting part. There is no reason, however, for printing them separately, since not even the cheapest edition is without them. With the "Arabian Nights" it is different. Too few of us have ever seen Lane's edition with the notes, which are a complete picture of Eastern life by one of its most careful observers. Mr. Lane lived among the people as perhaps no other Englishman has done—not (like Captain Burton) in temporary masquerade, but identifying himself with them in spirit. And the society amidst which he spent so many years had survived almost unchanged from the days of Alraschid. Mehemet Ali gave it its death-blow, and the pitiful selfish sensualists who followed him have completed its destruction. But, without some knowledge of it, one loses all the flavour of the Thousand and One Nights. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has, therefore, done good service in collecting and arranging, in "Arabian Society in the Middle Ages" (Chatto and Windus), his great-uncle's valuable notes. A melancholy interest attaches to them as to the fast decaying remnants of Old Cairo. Haussmannism has dealt with the one as a sordid copying of low European life has with the other. The old order changes; but verily, in this case, the new is distinctly worse. We scoff at polygamy, and scream down slavery; but calm observers know that true love can exist with the former, and that the latter is infinitely superior, in theory as well as in practice, to that barren boon of liberty to starve, which is often its Western substitute. We heartily recommend this book, especially to that doughty crusader the Bishop of Ballarat.

A stud groom who has read Youatt, Sibbald, Spooner, who has found out that "Nature will not tolerate coercion," and who talks with perfect ease, and not with the stiffness of a gardener using Latin, of epizootic, hydrothorax, and duodenum, is enough to frighten an ordinary country gentleman. "The Management and Treatment of the Horse" (London Literary Society), however, does not fail on the practical side because it shows much culture in its author. Mr. Proctor can argue like a veterinary professor about influenza being due to the electrical state of the atmosphere, but he takes care to tell you (what masters so often forget), that the horse, having a relatively small stomach, ought to be fed often, and that, having like ourselves, "a digestion," he ought to be watered before instead of after food. It may be said every stable-boy knows all this. It is unhappily true that too many grooms at high wages fail to practise it. The London Literary Society, whatever else it may fail in, has done a good work in enabling this little treatise to see the light. "The Phynodderree, and Other Legends of the Isle of Man,"

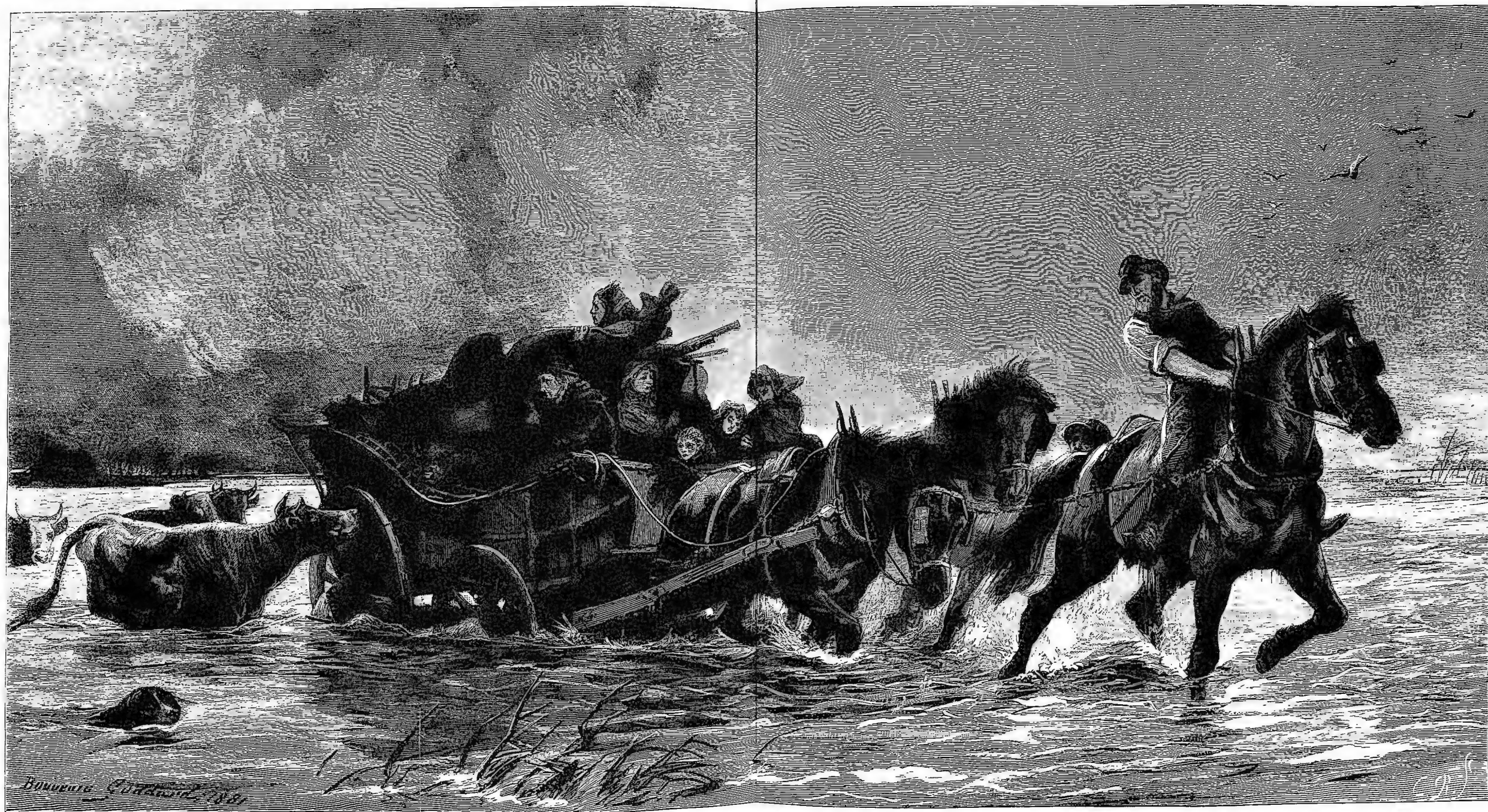
by Edward Callow (J. Dean and Son), is a pleasant volume of fun and seriousness, of fairies, gnomes, and dwarfs. Its supernaturalism, and the quiet sense of mirth with which the stories are told, will entertain the reader seeking mere amusement; but the book has a serious value as a contribution to the study of folk-lore. The numerous illustrations are alive with fancy and imagination.—There is nothing in "Select Readings and Recitations," by George W. Baynham (Blackie and Son), to distinguish the work from the numerous others of its class. The rules for elocution are clear, and the selection of pieces for reading contains some which are not yet common.—"The Book of Common Prayer, with Commentary for Teachers and Students" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), will doubtless supply an often-felt want. The Commentary is the work of several different but competent writers, and is conspicuous for its clearness, and the abundance of its Biblical references. A Concordance to the Psalter, and a Concordance to the Prayer-Book complete this satisfactory volume.—An unpretentious little work is "The Marriage Ring," by Dr. William Landels (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Reverently and wisely does Dr. Landels treat of marriage, its divine (*i.e.* Biblical) institution, the pre-requisites of marriage, and suggestions for the married pair. The volume is intended as a gift-book for the newly-married, or for those contemplating marriage; and the merits of its type, paper, and binding make it not unworthy of presentation on such happy occasions.—"The County Atlas of England and Wales" (John Heywood) is a cheap volume for one shilling. It shows the railways and coach-roads, the towns, parks, and gentlemen's seats for each county. The maps are well printed, the names are distinct, and the mountains and other natural features are indicated clearly without any blurring of the names of places.—"Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory" (C. Mitchell and Co.), notwithstanding that it has several rivals, holds its own as the completest guide to the newspaper world. From the statistics in the issue for 1883, now before us, we learn that there are now 1,962 newspapers published in the United Kingdom, and 1,311 magazines, 326 of which are of "a decidedly religious character." The present issue of the Directory contains an instructive legal commentary on the working, during the past year, of the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act, 1881.—In "Yes and No" (James Hogg), Mr. Frank Abell gives "thirty-five ways of 'popping the question';" selected from the works of well-known novelists, from Defoe to Miss Rhoda Broughton.

Three recently-issued meteorological brochures deserve notice. Mr. Edward Mawley, F.M.S., continues his admirably-compiled observations on the "Weather in the Neighbourhood of London" (E. Stanford). The distinguishing features of 1882 were a much milder winter and spring than those of the preceding year, and a remarkably chilly, cloudy, windy summer, the average temperature of which was only 58°8', although the rainfall was light. On the 29th April occurred the disastrous gale which ruined the fruit prospects of the year.—From far-distant Victoria we have the weather-tables of 1881, arranged under the superintendence of Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, F.R.S., the Government Astronomer. These tables always strike us as the very model for such data, as they give the details of temperature, air pressure, rainfall, wind direction and force, cloud, and evaporation, in an exceedingly clear and concise form. Some of our readers may be interested in a comparison which we have made between the summer heat of Melbourne in 1881 and that of Greenwich in 1882, the latter, however, be it remembered, being a very chilly summer even for chilly England. We call it a chilly summer day when the thermometer does not reach 60°, a cool day when it does not reach 70°, a warm day under 80°, a hot day under 90°, a very hot day under 100°. During the Greenwich summer of 1882, that is, between May 1st and September 30th, there were 11 chilly, 89 cool, 50 warm, and only 3 days on which the temperature exceeded 80°. During the Melbourne summer months of 1881—that is, from January 1st to March 31st, and from November 1st to December 31st, there were 3 chilly, 66 cool, 42 warm, 18 hot, and 22 very hot days. The shade temperature on no day rose to 100°.—The Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains an excellent monograph on the climate of Jerusalem. Though the city stands 2,500 feet above the sea, the summer heat is great, averaging about 73°, and rising not unfrequently over 100°. The sky is cloudless during this period, and rain is almost unknown. The winter, on the other hand, is very rainy, with occasional frosts, and as low a reading as 25° has been registered. Altogether, owing to the preponderance of land over water in that region, the climate is far more extreme than in countries in the same parallel of latitude which are nearer to the Atlantic Ocean.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—One of George Eliot's tender and romantic poems, "Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love," has been charmingly set to music by Henry Logé. It is of medium compass, and equally suitable for the drawing-room and the concert-room.—A song which may certainly lay claim to originality is "A Hebrew Love Song," the words by Judah Ben Sabbathai Halevi, A.D. 1200, who was a famous physician of Barcelona, and who enriched Hebrew literature by many secular and sacred writings. Besides the Hebrew text, a transliteration in English characters is given; and, in a foot-note, the pronunciation is so clearly explained that a singer who understands German and Italian may venture to sing the original words, and need not have recourse to the ultra-sentimental, not to say mawkish, English version. The music, by Charles Salaman, is quaint and well-suited to the theme, published in E minor and F sharp minor. It is within an octave, and not by any means difficult. This song will take its place amongst the novelties of the season.—"Three Romances for Violin and Pianoforte," by Ferdinand Praeger, are melodious, skilfully arranged, and moderately difficult.—Arthur H. Jackson has transcribed for pianoforte solos two of Schubert's most spirited marches, namely, "Marche Militaire" and "Marche Heroique." The former will be the more general favourite of the two.—Useful pianoforte pieces for the school-room are "Air de Ballet" and "Au Bord de la Mer," by Henry Logé.

MESSRS. W. J. WILCOCKS AND CO.—A smoothly written "Slumber Song" (*Schlummerlied*), words by Tieck, music by Frederick Corder, is a veritable pianoforte piece with vocal accompaniment, suitable for a tenor; the success of this song depends more upon the player than the singer.—Whyte-Melville must have been very much out of sorts when he wrote the lugubrious words for "Nightfall," which Charles P. Cooper set to appropriate music. This song is suitable for an elderly tenor in the last stage of despondency.—"Suite für das Pianoforte," by Otto Schweizer, consists of a Præludium for the left hand alone; very excellent as a study for those whose left hands are weaker than their rights.—"Pastorale" is a confused exchange of hands from treble to bass infinitely more puzzling than the first-named piece. No. 3, "Grave" (*a tre voci*), difficult, but useful as a study; and best of the group, "Tempo di Gavotta."—By the same composer is "Valse," a brilliant and playable *morceau*.—Three Old English Dances, namely, a "Morris Dance," "Minuet," and "Hornpipe," by Frank J. Sawyer, are brisk and cheerful. No. 1 is original, and worthy of being learnt by heart.



"RESCUED"

FROM THE DRAWING BY BOUVERIE GODDARD



THE Court dresses for the first Drawing Room were very rich and costly. There is a great variety in the arrangement of trains this season. The most general style is square from the shoulder; some are attached to the pointed bodices and arranged in voluminous puffs, whilst one well-known house has introduced a brace from the left shoulder, to which the train is gracefully attached. The materials of which married ladies' and matrons' trains are composed are gorgeous in the extreme: gold and silver brocade, brocaded velvet in cream white, and other very delicate colours. We recently visited an old-established silk mercer's and saw some very beautiful materials for Court dresses and trains. A ruby satin was brocaded with gold-coloured begonia leaves. An Ottoman silk ground of *grenat* colour, on which was a bold design in beige-coloured satin. A most delicate shade of grey satin ground was brocaded with a pattern of glorioles life-size, and exquisitely tinted. Gauze, brocaded with velvet, will be much worn for day and evening toilettes. The fashionable colours for the season are crushed strawberry and raspberry, sapphire, Venetian and copper-coloured browns, and electric blue, which is made in several shades from dark to light; navy blue and prune colours are for the present quite out of fashion. Silk, which has for some time been out-rivalled by cashmere and other woollen materials, and only used for trimmings, has again come into favour, and will be the most fashionable material this season.

The most durable and elegant material for general purposes is *satin merveilleux*; however it may be crushed and tumbled, the creases will shake out entirely; it is so pliable that it will drape in any form, and certainly nothing can be more suitable for the cuirass and other bodices which are so much worn with muslin and tulle dresses. *Satin merveilleux* is by no means a new material, but has gradually made its way in public favour. *Satin duchesse*, known by the name of *Satin Turk* many years ago, will also be worn, especially for under-skirts. Ottoman silk, plain or brocaded, has lost none of its popularity, but its high price will keep it from becoming common. *Gros de Londres* is a sort of Ottoman, but has a much finer cord.

It is very probable that we shall follow the example of our Parisian neighbours with regard to practising, if not learning, the gavotte and minuet, which, *on dit*, will be danced this season at balls and *soirées*. In Paris there is quite a rage for dancing-lesson parties, where the young people meet at each other's houses and, under the guidance of a professor, learn and practice the minuet and gavotte. For these meetings short round skirts are *de rigueur*, and the costumes are made to closely imitate those worn when *Vestris* introduced these graceful dances at the French Court. A *soirée dansante* of this description has quite the appearance of a costume ball. Highly-glazed flowered chintzes over quilted *mousseline de laine* petticoats are often worn in place of more costly materials; in some cases the hostess, in consideration for the pockets of her young guests, stipulates that only cotton shall be admitted to these dancing-lesson evenings.

There is a great variety in making the bodices this season. A revival is the cross-over bodice, arranged in soft folds over a tight-fitting lining, which is not only becoming to thin figures, but also to those with a tendency to *embonpoint*. With this style is worn a satin band or belt. Another style of bodice is made very high at the back and very low in front, filled in with lace or tulle; low bodices are again made round.

The *Revue de la Mode*, which is fortunate enough to have secured the assistance of M. Gustave Janet, recently gave a costume designed by that clever artist. This remarkably elegant toilette was composed of black satin, velvet, *crêpe de chine*, and jet. On the petticoat of plain satin was a fan-shaped tablier of velvet, embroidered in jet; at the sides were panels of pleated satin in points fastened by a tuft of marabout feathers. The train was of *crêpe de chine* draped upon satin and bordered with satin pleatings; the low bodice was made with long points, and a small fan-shaped ornament to match the tablier; round the shoulders was a trimming of marabout feathers, short sleeves of the same. This costume is extremely effective in white; the feather trimming next to the bare shoulders is very becoming to the skin.

Orange colour is very fashionable for *brunes*; we were recently shown a costume from Paris which was made with a skirt of pale yellow tulle, with graduated puffings to the waist in the front and at the sides, and ample drapery at the back, the whole elaborately trimmed with deep orange-coloured velvet and nasturtiums in velvet from the deepest brown to the palest gold.

White is, and will be, very much worn this season; the majority of bridesmaids' costumes are made in cream-white, relieved by a bouquet of coloured flowers. Often the basket of flowers, which is more fashionable for a bridesmaid than the bouquet, is composed of white blossoms with foliage and ferns. There were some very pretty weddings last month. At one the bodice and train of the bride's dress was of white brocaded satin; the petticoat of satin, trimmed with Irish point. The bridesmaids' dresses were very pretty, of cream-coloured nun's veiling, trimmed with gold braid and coffee-coloured lace; bonnets to match, coral ornaments. At another wedding the bridal dress was of ivory satin *duchesse*, with a long train; the front of the bodice and skirt was covered with pearl embroidery; the wreath was of real flowers, stephanotis and orange blossom, over which was a plain tulle veil. The bridesmaids' dresses were the prettiest we have seen this season; they were composed of cream brocade, trimmed with lace, with wreaths of wild roses and white heather, and long tulle veils. We had almost omitted to describe what were, by public verdict, pronounced to be the most elegant and becoming dresses ever worn by any group of bridesmaids. They were composed of white Ottoman silk, and cashmere trimmed with white fur and lace, a bouquet of real violets at the throat; large white felt hats, with ostrich feathers and Ottoman silk, pearl buckles on one side; the dainty muffs were made of white fur and violets.

As yet the Spring mantles are not prepared, for nobody with a grain of sense would think of leaving off their winter mantles in March, however brightly the sun might shine. We were shown a very handsome material in shawl-pattern design, brocaded in dark mixtures for the promenade, and in light colours for opera cloaks. Uncurled feather trimming will be much used for mantles and jackets this spring. Although silks have come to the fore again, tailor-made costumes are as popular as ever they were, in cloth braided *à la militaire*, or trimmed with gold or silver. Nothing can be more ladylike and serviceable than a serge, cashmere, or cloth well-fitting dress. Bottle green, and browns from the darkest to the lightest shades, are the most popular colours for ordinary wear; whilst, for more dress occasions, pale stones and greys are worn, trimmed with the same material, velvet, or plush, several shades darker. Some of the cloth tunics are opened up on the left side to the hip, where is a large fancy buckle; the opening on each side is trimmed with feather-bands, as is also the hem of the tunic.

There have been many successful attempts to follow the French fashion of wearing dress bonnets at the theatre. It is a most convenient mode, especially for people who live in the suburbs. Large and fussy hats or bonnets are quite out of place at a theatre or concert, as they interfere with the view of persons sitting behind them. It is very easy to make up a pretty little *capote* of flowers, according to what is in season at the time. Just now Parma violets, daffodils, and primroses are to be seen on bonnets, muffs, and at the

throat; pretty little white drawn satin bonnets dotted with pearls, and with an *aigrette* in some bright colour. For matrons who do not care to wear actual caps, very stylish headdresses are made of variegated velvet leaves. Morning caps are composed of muslin and raised Mauresque lace, a band of velvet underneath the edge; also pearl lace caps, with white flowers on the hair. Now that many personages are leaving off their fringes, bands of velvet, embroidered in pearls on jet, are worn to keep the hair turned back smoothly. Linen-stitched bands are worn, with *jabots* in the front and a deep frill of lace; linen sets, with very high stand-up collars of a decidedly masculine type; and pretty sets of washing cambric collars and cuffs, trimmed with English embroidery and lace. The *Medicis* ruffs, as worn by Miss Terry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, will be the favourite throat decoration of the season. They are made of plain cream lace for morning wear, and for evening of satin lace and pearls in white or pale colours, or in Spanish lace and jet beads. Only long-necked people should wear them.



MR. PERCY GREG, now well known as the author of several excellent novels, has in "*Sanguelac*" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) returned to a subject that appears to have an especial attraction for his pen—that of the United States in civil war. As every writer of more or less historical fiction ought to be, if he wishes to be interesting, Mr. Greg is a thorough-going partisan. His hero and his heroines are of the South, and, with one doubtful exception, all his sympathetic characters; his villains are of the North, without any exception. He is an enthusiast for Jefferson Davis and Lee, and for the military politicians on the opposite side he has only contempt and detestation. Of course, therefore, the reader must expect to be admitted to a view of only one side of that blood-stained shield; and, if he be a New Englander, and more particularly if an Abolitionist, he must not expect to be pleased. Readers, however, in whom the spirit of partisanship is wanting will obtain much interest from the political and military adventures of the young Anglo-Carolinian, Clarence Derval, and from the romantic destinies of the two girls—one slave-born, the other free-born—who loved him in their widely different ways. As often happens in such cases, the unfortunate Rose, the unloved slave-girl, who dies the death of a real heroine, enlists the sympathies of Minna, though the latter is favoured by Clarence and by fortune. The various episodes of the war, which are mainly historical, are admirably described, and Mr. Greg has shown the skill of an artist in blending together the epic interest of fact with the dramatic interest of fiction to the advantage of both elements. His account of slave life, both in its good and evil aspects, is fair, especially seeing that it comes from the pen of a Southern champion.

Misunderstandings form the characteristic basis of modern fiction. Sometimes they are about great things, sometimes about straws. The prevailing tendency, however, has been towards the straws. The authoress of "*Phyllis*," &c., has in "*Portia*," or, *By Passion Rocked*" (3 vols.: Smith and Elder), parted a leading pair of lovers by a dispute about some chocolate creams. The lady believes the gentleman to have taken them from her dressing-table—a charge which he denies. In short, there is nothing for him but to go away to Egypt, and to leave her broken-hearted over the wreck of two lives. But the course of true love flows back into its proper channel, and would have run on smoothly but from another near wreckage caused by quarrel on the comparative merits of Morton's and Burgess's pickles. Surely, after these things, there is no saying where the elements of romance may not be found to lie. *Portia*, however, the leading lady, takes quite another line. Her form of misunderstanding is the solitary indulgence in a belief—shared by nobody who knew him, or anything about the matter—that her lover has been guilty of forgery. When she comes to her senses, he, instead of marrying and living happily for ever, as any reasonable authoress would have permitted only too gladly, gets himself drowned in a gratuitously introduced episode of shipwreck. The incongruity of the fly in amber is left nowhere by the sudden appearance of a completely uncalculated for tragedy among the creams and pickles. Indeed the unsurpassed triviality of the characters and incidents in general is exceedingly difficult to describe. The story is unquestionably written for grown-up people, but it can only be for such as have left their minds a very long way behind them—somewhere in the company of the vulgar young simpletons of both sexes who contrive to fill three novels with what is intended for sentiment and humour. Nevertheless, the novel is worth mentioning, as marking the persistently downward tendency of the frivolous school, which has long slipped beyond reach of the clever pens which made it amusing when it was new.

"Women are Strange" (Chatto and Windus) is the first and longest of a collection of tales in which Mr. F. W. Robinson does not appear quite to his usual advantage. He is too good a storyteller to make a point of republishing whatever he may write, without regard to any level of quality. The story which gives its title to the collection reads as if it had sprung from a plot which had not been found adequate for the basis of a complete novel. There is no central situation, such as a short story demands, or even any special point towards which it leads, while the number of characters and the time covered by the plot make it impossible for the author to do justice to any one of them. As a story of stage life, it is accurate in detail, occasionally amusing—as in a certain scene between the famous Miss Galveston's manager and her father—but in the main both conventional and unlikely. In short, we are told that such and such things happened, but they are not in the least interesting things, while the characters have no sort of claim upon our sympathy. Of course this, as well as the yet slighter and less noticeable stories that follow, are well written, but they do not go beyond the level of fairly meritorious book making.



ENSILAGE.—The discussion of this new agricultural process has been going on very briskly of late, and the advantages attendant on having a silo on the farm appear now to be generally conceded. Not only do peas and tares, clover and lucerne, and a number of other crops increase in food-value by being converted into ensilage, but the general growth along the hedges and the chaff of threshed grain can all be put into the pit and made up into fodder to which cattle are easily acclimatised, and which, once established on the farm, becomes a favourite food. Cow-keepers are expected to benefit very materially from ensilage, as their at present excessive dependence on roots will be removed. As regards the cost of silos, great uncertainty must needs prevail until the number of silos built in England has been sufficient for the ascertained charges to be fairly averaged. Lord Walsingham has found about 75s. per acre would cover the cost of construction in Norfolk, but even if higher estimates be taken, the saving by the system would amply justify the outlay.

It appears, however, that almost any pit can be made to serve for a silo, and therefore that the farmer can to a great extent regulate his expenditure according to his position and means. Of course, if he can afford it, he will have a well-constructed and commodious silo, but on a pinch the cost of a silo need hardly exceed that of excavating the soil; work that farm-hands can get on with in any spare time.

OXFORD FLOODS.—An unusually practical discussion took place the other day at Oxford, the Dean of Christchurch being in the chair and Mr. L. F. Vernon Harcourt the leading speaker. "The Floods Around Oxford, and How to Mitigate them," was the subject discussed. Mr. Harcourt attributed them chiefly to the mills and weirs which block up the river, and advocated their removal, Itley and Sandford Mills being greatly blamed. The Cherwell, too, he said, owing to its small fall from Islip, had a great deal to do with the floods at Oxford and down river. This is at least true that, with the exception of the narrow weir at King's Mill, it has no real outlet, and when heavy rains come, the lashers along "Mesopotamia" are totally inadequate to carry the water off.

THE GROUND-GAME ACT.—The Government have announced their readiness to define "the rabbit-hole section" of the Ground-Game Act. Under this section it appears that a trap cannot be set except in the actual hole or burrow, whereas, where it is necessary to keep down rabbits, this is most successfully accomplished in "runs." The restrictions and formalities contained in the Act as applied to the shooting of ground-game have a natural tendency to reduce such shooting. The conditions laid down for trapping by this sixth section have been found inadequate where rabbits are acknowledged to be a nuisance. The original object of this section was to avoid as far as possible the horrible cruelty attending the indiscriminate use of traps, whereby pheasants, partridges, and foxes, as well as hares and rabbits, were constantly left for days, enduring frightful torture, in the open trap above ground. How the difficulties on either side of the matter are to be reconciled can hardly be seen.

FARM ACCOUNTS.—The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society recently offered a prize of 20*l.* for the best system of farm accounts and book-keeping. We understand there have been forty-seven competitors, but that the Council have decided that they do not feel justified in awarding the prize for any of the systems of accounts sent in. The system of farm accounts and book-keeping is no doubt a complicated matter, but we trust the Council may eventually be able to find a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

THE TILLYFOUR ESTATE, Aberdeenshire, has been purchased by Mr. Begg, of Lochnagar Distillery, near Balmoral, for 23,000*l.* This is considerably less than was asked when it was offered for sale in Edinburgh shortly after the death of Mr. M'Combie, the well-known stock breeder, its former owner. The property, which covers 1,900 acres, 1,200 being arable, 400 hill pasture, and 300 woodland, is one of the finest farms in the North, and we hope its new proprietor will be able to sustain its high reputation in the agricultural world.

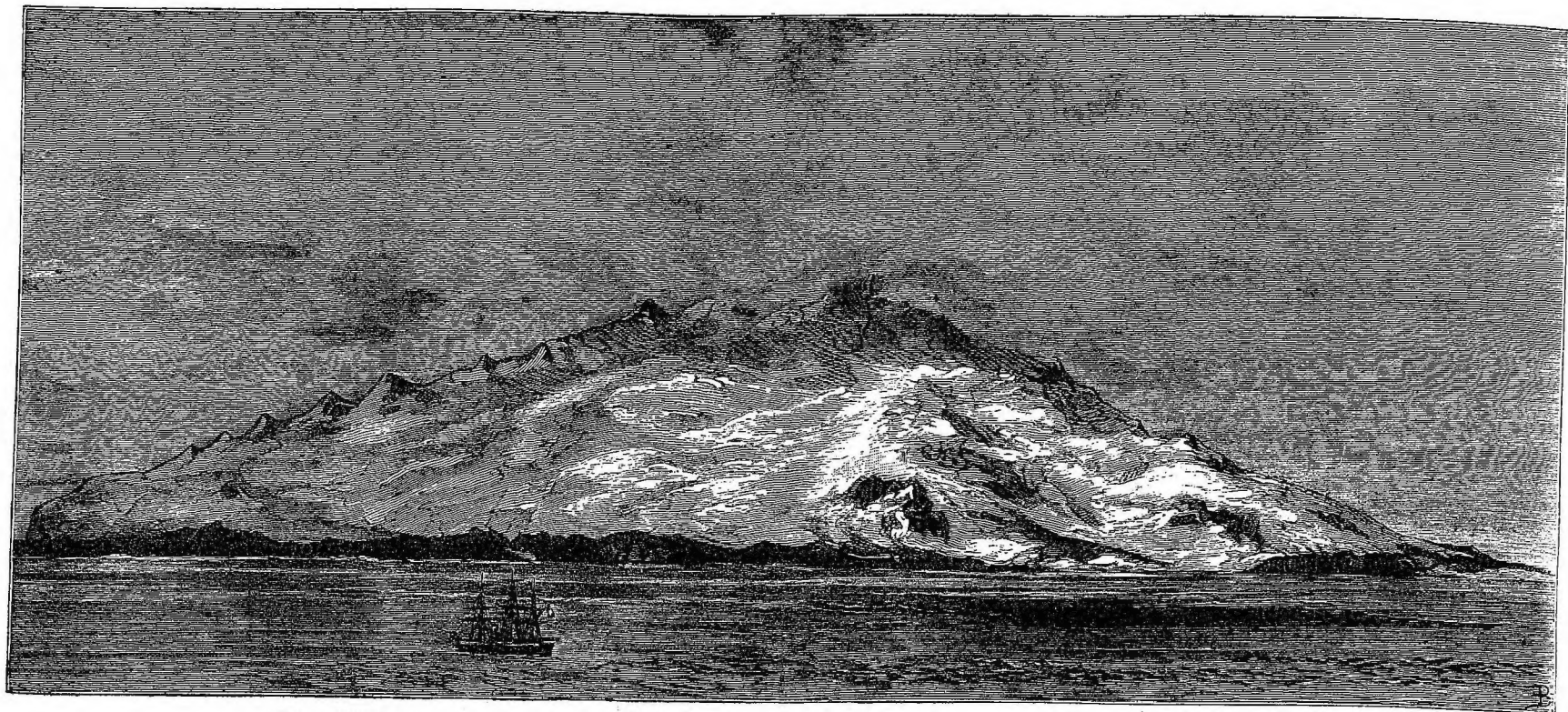
AMERICAN CHEESE at one time threatened to overwhelm the English producer, but these fears have now had some abatement. It seems that the best qualities of American cheese meet with sufficient demand in the United States, and that only the lower qualities are exported. Thus English producers have a great incentive to raise the character of their cheese above the American standard. At the present time the price for American cheese in London is 70s. a hundredweight, and this is the price current in New York. We presume that this position is abnormal, otherwise it is not clear who pays for the freight across the Atlantic. New York exports of cheese have certainly fallen from 2,352,020 boxes in 1881 to 1,748,457 boxes in 1882, nor does the American trade look for any immediate revival.

RESCUE FROM A DESERT ISLAND NEAR KERGUELEN

WE have received from Lieutenant-Colonel H. Robley, Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders, the sketch of a late rescue, by the U.S. ship *Marion*, eight guns, Captain Terry, of a crew cast away on Heard Island, a desolate rock in lat. 53° 20' S., long. 73° E., distant thousands of miles from any other land than Kerguelen.

The barque *Trinity* having been missing some time, the *Marion* left Monte Video under orders to search for her, and had the fortune of discovering her crew, who, notwithstanding incredible hardships for fifteen months, were alive with the exception of two, though destitute of clothing and proper food. The *Trinity* had left for her cruise in June, 1880, in quest of sea-elephants—an animal resembling the walrus, and valuable for oil. She took at Cape de Verde nineteen natives, which with her crew made thirty-five souls. At Kerguelen Island she landed spare spars and provisions for her return voyage, and then continued to Heard Island, 275 miles S.E. Anchoring in Corinthian Bay, an exposed inlet at the north-west, four men, with proper appliances for taking sea-elephant, and some months' provisions, were left. Twenty miles distant to Spit Bay a house was to have been erected for headquarters during the stay on the island. This bay, however, is merely a bight formed by black lava-dust jutting into the sea. It affords poor shelter; and the weather being bad, landing was out of the question. A gale sprang up, and the position of the ship was critical. Impossible to put to sea, the cable was slipped, and the ship had to be beached, fortunately with the entire crew safe, and a few articles of clothing and provisions; many stores were thrown overboard to drift ashore. Owing to extreme cold it was impossible to work, and the castaways took shelter in some deserted huts left behind by remote visitors. The same night the wind and tide floated the *Trinity*, and she drifted to pieces in the outer bar; so, in like manner, were all the floating stores lost. The castaways found themselves left with a few months' provisions and such clothing as they were in, little suited to the climate in which they were now to live for a year and more. Their prospect of discovery were indeed discouraging. Heard Island is but little known to navigators, having been discovered thirty years ago by mere accident. No one had been there for four years, and then it was Captain Williams, of the *Trinity*, himself. A companion sealer was hoped for, but even then not till their absence created uneasiness from its duration. The castaways were doubtful of their ability to hold on so long. The stock of provisions was carefully husbanded; and, with the help of penguins, sea-elephant meat, sea-fowls' eggs, and wild cabbage which grew in a few sheltered spots, for fifteen months they managed to exist. Water was good, or melted snow; for fuel and cooking, the fat of the sea-elephant. Food was most unsavoury: in fact, nothing short of starvation made its use possible. Notwithstanding the most rigid economy, the ship's provisions soon gave out—even after minute rations, such as a few crumbs, which might have been held in the palm of the hand. Several of the crew used the coffee as tobacco, smoking and chewing it instead of the usual way. So carefully were these stores kept that, when the *Marion* arrived, a few morsels were left; which, however, were ravenously devoured by the castaways when convinced that delivery was at hand. Deplorable were their clothes and repairs: one man had the soles of his boots made out of the remains of a handsaw; an old sail had been of the greatest use. Nevertheless, the castaways suffered extremely, and how they managed to exist is a mystery. The carpenter and a seaman were frozen to death in a glacier when in search of food. Heard Island is a rock about thirty miles in length, and rises to a height of 7,000 feet, the peak being named Mount Emperor William. The island

(Continued on page 236)



THE RESCUE OF A CASTAWAY CREW FROM HEARD ISLAND, NEAR KERGUELEN

is nearly inaccessible; only two points allow of landing. It is covered with perpetual snow, except at a few spots on the beach; and, in fact, is but one of a system of glaciers extending from the mountain side into the ocean. Most of these break off from time to time at the water's edge, and, floating away as icebergs, leave perpendicular precipices of solid ice in some cases several hundred feet in height, presenting a magnificent appearance. The uncovered spots are mere patches of black lava dust, and are very unsightly. Until lately Mount Emperor William was supposed to be an extinct volcano, but during their imprisonment the crew of the *Trinity* observed at least three eruptions, while smoke was of common occurrence. A clear day is a rarity in this dreary spot; no worse climate could be imagined than what prevails here. Heavy masses of black cloud and vapour hang over like a pall, and sudden and violent squalls prevail, frequently coming from several points of the compass in a few minutes, and of constant occurrence. It is probable that Heard Island will not be revisited for many years, as the sea-elephants have been nearly exterminated.

The *Marion* brought the castaways to Cape Town and refitted

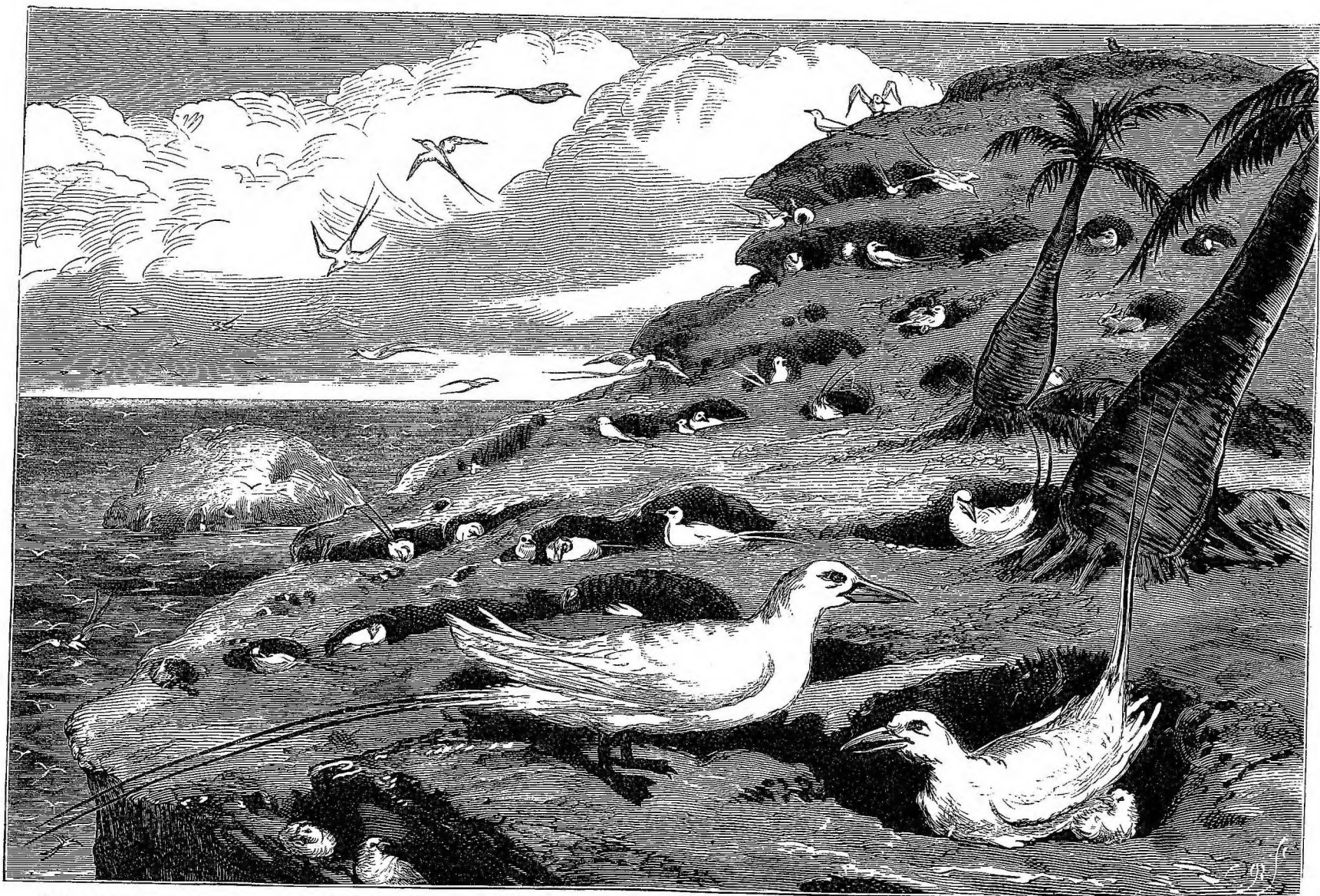
there after her rescue, and left about the middle of April, Captain S. W. Terry and his officers being most popular.

The sketch and description were afforded to our artist from notes taken on the spot of this rescue from this glacial island near the South Pole.

THE HOME OF THE PAILLE-EN-QUEUE, OR TROPIC BIRD

ELEVATED in the air, far above the masts, is seen at sea in warm latitudes the tropic bird (*Phaeton*), its two long projecting tail-feathers looking like a single slender shaft from its white body, whilst, on suspended wing, turning its head to and fro, it examines the vessel below. Sailors call it the "boatswain," perhaps from its whistling note or because it carries a "marlingspike." The *Phaeton Ætherius* has the tail-feathers white, but the *Phanicurus* is much handsomer, the tail being like scarlet wires. This species, which lays one egg, breeds at Round Island, near Mauritius, where it is called the Straw-in-Tail or Paille-en-Queue.—Our drawing is by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Robley, Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders,

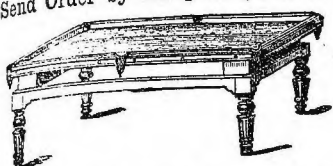
who with a party landed on this island, with the usual difficulty, for except on a very fine day, and at only one particular rock, demanding an acrobatic feat to attempt from a boat, can this be done. There is no water on the steep sandy slopes, and any rain that falls is at once soaked up. The scant vegetation is very curious, as, there being little earth, all the stunted trees have shallow roots, or grow on stilts, such as the "bottle" and other palms. The crannies and ledges of the sand-rocks are alive with the innumerable nests, where the breeding birds are seen, their whereabouts marked by the tell-tale red indicating feathers, fifteen inches long. These birds permit no others on the island, the white species at Mauritius and Bourbon keeping quite separate. Their feathers are valuable. The young Paille-en-Queue, which looks like a white puff-powder ball, is without any at first, till in time it becomes a swift ranger of the ocean. While all around were engaged in fishing, these tropic birds were in immense numbers. The party got about 2,000 feathers without injury to the birds, which would not leave their nests, guarding their callow brood, but suffered themselves to be plucked when pecking at a proffered stick or butt of gun.



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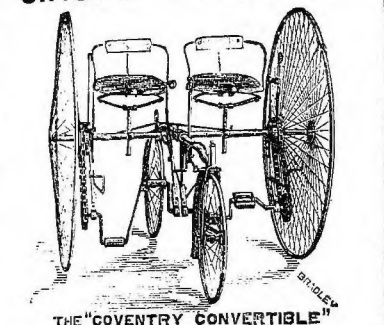
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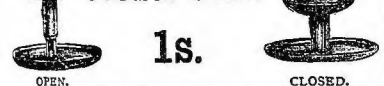
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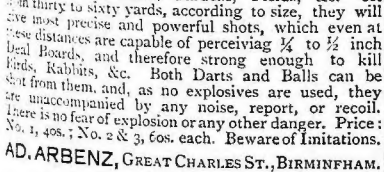
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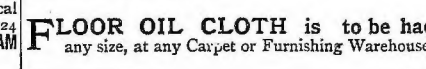
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thin, the missus is
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matthur? Bedad,
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money? I'm tould
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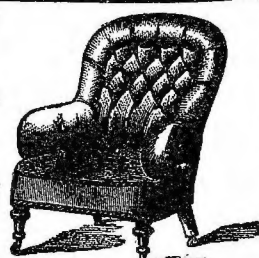
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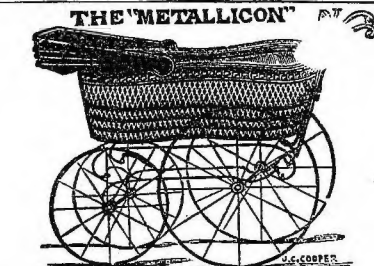
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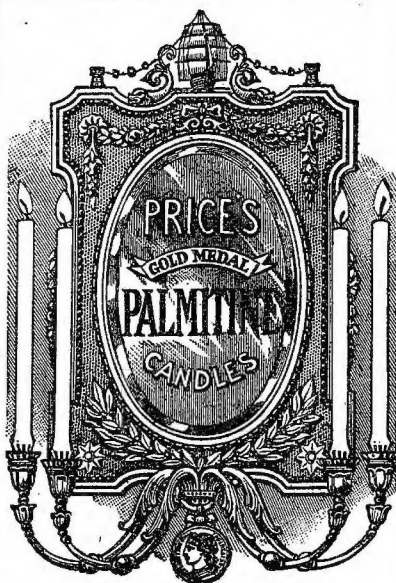
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